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SIXPENCE

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THE RULER OF THE TRADITIONAL ENEMY OF FRANCE: THE GERMAN EMPEROR AS CHIEF OF THE DEATH'S HEAD HUSSARS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ADALBERT VON KOSSAK, REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MR. E. BIEBER, COURT PHOTOGRAPHER, BERLIN AND HAMBURG.

*In the eyes of many people, Germany now stands in the position of "splendid isolation," which quite recently Great Britain was said to occupy. While this country's friends are increasing, those of Germany seem to be getting fewer and fewer. The country has also been brought into great prominence by reason of the "Matin's" "disclosures" of the reasons which led to the resignation of M. Delcassé.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

Every nation has a soul and every soul has a secret: hence there are some incommunicable things in every people; some national virtues must always seem vices to the foreigner. Thus it is really true that no Continental thinker understands the English idea of liberty, even if he admires it. But there are other international misunderstandings which arise from the opposite fault. They arise not because we fail to realise how unlike nations are, but actually because we fail to realise how like nations are. We may pass as pardonable the deadlock of peoples who quarrel because their sentiments are different; but we need have no patience with the deadlock of those who quarrel because their sentiments are the same. Thus (to take an instance of the two misconceptions) we can understand a patriotic Englishman being astonished at the absence of patriotism in China. But, unfortunately, he is generally astonished at the presence of patriotism in France. In many cases an Englishman can understand France easily by the simple operation of supposing it to be England. For example, every normal Englishman is disgusted at the French duel. But he never can make up his mind whether the duel is disgusting because it is dangerous, or disgusting because it is not dangerous. But if he would simply recall that English fight with the fists which his fathers practised and the poorer English still practise, he would find that, good or bad, it was a thing very like the duel, a thing generally harmless, occasionally mortal.

In the same way Englishmen wandering abroad see the violent caricatures in the comic papers of the Continent and are always especially struck by their anti-clericalism—by the fact that priests are there perpetually presented with monstrous visages, in degraded postures, tortured and torn to rags by the demoniac pencil of the artist; an inferno full of clergymen. And the English travellers always return to England and say that the whole of France or Italy is raging with atheism and that the Church is tottering to its fall. Yet it never occurs to them to look at the English comic papers and see what would happen here if the same principle were applied. An intelligent man from Mars turning over some stacks or volumes (poor devil!) of our English comic papers, would in the same manner form one firm and clear opinion. He would believe that the whole English people were on the point of rising against the institution of marriage and of destroying it for ever. He would find every page covered with jeers and sneers at the man who was contemptible enough to tie himself to a wife and a perambulator. He would find the married man invariably represented as a man of improbably small stature and manifest mental deficiency. He would find that these million jokes were all variations of two jokes: the glee of the married man when he escapes from his married life, and the woe of the married man while he is tied to it. And, finding our popular humour one long scream against the married state, the man from Mars would naturally, in his intellectual innocence, suppose that the country was really raging with this revolutionary passion. He would suppose that mobs were battering upon the doors of the Divorce Court, demanding, *en masse*, to be admitted and divorced. He would imagine that wedding-rings were being melted down publicly in a great pot in Trafalgar Square. He would suppose that any couple daring to get married would be assaulted at the church-door by the infuriated populace and pelted with bricks instead of confetti. He would suppose that those tireless satirists and enthusiasts, the editors of *Snaps* and *Wheezes*, would go about to everybody's wedding and forbid everybody's banns. "For what else," he would say, "what else except the most passionate moral purpose and the most relentless intellectual policy, what else but a crusading earnestness and an adamant sense of duty could induce men thus to fill fourteen mortal volumes of *Snappy Bits* with the same joke on the same subject?"

Well, we know that this is not quite the case. We know that there is no immediate likelihood of the English people pulling down St. George's, Hanover Square, or filling the streets with a sudden slaughter of mothers-in-law. In short, we know that marriage is attacked in this way not because it is a vanishing institution, but because it is an enduring institution. People jeer at it because they will not change it. People batter it because it will not fall. And a very little reflection will enable us to realise that what is true of the relation between *Snaps* and the strength of marriage is true also of the relations between the anti-clerical caricatures and the Catholic Church in Europe. If a man is resolved to part with anything or anybody, he can generally take leave of it with a fair amount of dignity and delicacy and even regret. So people who break off an engagement are often sympathetic and always serious. A thing that is departing is necessarily solemn. But if a man is going to live with it, he must learn to laugh at it.

For this reason, I, for one, can never agree with the censure often directed against joking Judges, against Mr. Justice Darling, for instance, or, to take a much better type, Mr. Plowden. It is perfectly true, as the journalists say, that when a Judge makes jokes it often happens that we do not think them very good jokes. But the error lies in supposing that the Judge himself imagines for a moment that they are good jokes. I remember a schoolmaster of mine, a moody and eccentric man, who as he stood with a long pointer in his hand explaining something on a blackboard, uttered some flippancy which was, of course, followed by an anarchy of school-boy laughter. In a flash he had swung round on his heels, and, pointing the ten-foot pole straight at me, exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "Do you think I think that's funny?" I professed agnosticism on the point. "No, boy, no," he said, wagging his head with an indescribable emphasis of asseveration; "I do not think it funny. Seldom in my life have I heard a more imbecile remark. I only say it in order to relieve the intolerable tedium of two hours in school." He was a man of great acumen and scholarship, and knew the difference between good jokes and bad as well even as a journalist. But he also knew something else. He knew that, if he had not allowed himself glimpses of a humane folly, and even a humane contempt for his own occupation, he would have rushed round the room screaming and brandishing a cane. He knew that if he had taken his position quite seriously for two hours, the floor would have been decorated with juvenile corpses. And so probably the Judges know this psychological necessity, and are never so wise as when they are silly. The schoolmaster knows that it is better even to lose his reputation as a wit than to lose his temper as a man and lose his position as a master. He knows that it is better to crack jokes about nothing than to crack heads about everything. And the Judge knows that the work he has to do is already so dreadful and responsible that to think of nothing but its dread and responsibility would paralyse the intellect and the will. His business is literally too serious to be seriously thought of. But he feels, as the schoolmaster felt, that it is better to become a cheap jester than to become some darkened and distorted fanatic of the law, making inhuman decrees in an inhuman atmosphere. It is better for the Judge to be a clown if that is his only way of remaining a man: that a Judge should be a clown is less shocking than that he should be only a Judge. So if he too often utters follies, do not jump to the conclusion that you have a fool on the Bench. If he did not utter them, you might have a madman there.

The fault, of course, really lies with the journalists themselves, who always feverishly report any judicial utterance which is followed by "loud laughter." This is a monstrous injustice. Suppose every idle or vulgar raillery which was uttered in other trades were reported: everything that one miner said to another before descending the dangerous shaft, everything that one soldier said to another when advancing into the line of fire, all the jokes that beguile the time on lighthouses or in fishing fleets. Every time a corporal said to a private, "Now we shan't be long," his joke would be examined and adjudged like a new book. Every time one policeman told another to put his head in a bag, he would be asked if he thought that equal to the repartees of Talleyrand or Whistler. Be, therefore, more merciful in this matter: judge not, even if you can judge the Judge. You are in an awful hall of justice, no doubt. But he is only in his workshop. And be glad if he can sing at his work, as Shakspeare's clown could sing at his work, although it was digging graves.

All this rambling train of meditations began in my mind with an admirable scrap of sarcasm of Mr. Plowden, who has, very unjustly I think, been constantly reproached with his raillery. It was that incident that every reader has probably noticed, in which Mr. Plowden dealt with a boy who had made a noise in what the inimitable policeman called a street of "first-class people." At the first blush one feels that the magistrate should have rolled the policeman in the mud with righteous indignation, explained to him indignantly the alphabet of human fraternity, asked with holy wrath if he was the footman of a few rich houses or the servant of a great people. But nothing could really have been better than Mr. Plowden's placid explanation to the boy, as he discharged him, "First-class people require first-class sleep." The basis of true democracy was revealed by appealing to a primary physical experience. It was as if we were to say that a particular kind of death was reserved for refined persons.

And this is a good example of the excellent uses that a man in that position can make of the smiling method. A crime had been committed, but it was not one that could be adequately dealt with except by satire; and satire was made the punishment of the crime, Mr. Plowden wielding a rod of roses. When I speak of the crime, of course I do not mean the little boy's: he hadn't one. I mean the policeman's.

## PROFESSOR BEHRING'S CONSUMPTION "CURE."

Cures for consumption—or, to use the more technical term, "tuberculosis"—have been frequently reported and discussed of late years. We remember the "tuberculin" cure of Dr. Koch, the discoverer of the germ or bacillus to the attack of which the disease is due. Other "cures" have been exploited, ranging from those in which inoculations of certain products, derived from germs, have been made into the blood, to others where medicinal substances have been similarly used in the hope that the circulation, carrying them to the lungs, would thus bring them in direct contact with the diseased parts. What the medical profession has come to recognise is that, up to the present, all consumption-cures are unsatisfactory and unreliable. There is not one to which they can point by way of indicating a substance which, used according to the methods prescribed by its discoverer, will rout the germs of the ailment and restore the sufferer to health. Other ailments, it is true, have so far been conquered. Professor Behring himself was the chief exponent of the "antitoxin" cure for diphtheria, a mode of treatment which has saved many lives, and especially those of children. Here the cultivated microbes of the disease are inoculated into the horse. They develop in the blood of the animal a certain principle called an "antitoxin." When this last is injected into the blood of a sufferer from the disease, it has the effect of causing reaction, and, by routing the disease-microbes, effects a cure. It is as if the hand of science turned germs to fight against themselves. Professor Behring is a physician and an investigator to whose words and opinions the world of science is bound to listen with respect. His record in research stands high, and his caution in advancing the results of his labours is highly to be commended. He makes no claim at present that his "cure" is all that he hopes for. No one knows better than he the difficulties which attend research of the kind in which he has been engaged. But he thinks it right to announce the nature of the work he has undertaken and to indicate the hopes he has formed regarding its successful issue. The nature of Professor Behring's investigations is somewhat hard to understand, or rather to define and explain from a popular standpoint. But the main features of his line of research are easily indicated. Tuberculosis is inevitably associated with the presence of the germ or bacillus discovered by Dr. R. Koch. Of this fact we might safely say, "No bacillus, no tuberculosis." Now this feature confines the search for a cure within fairly narrow limits. There are two courses open to the investigators. They may proceed to attack the bacillus directly by the use of injections of drugs, or by other means, represented by the fresh-air treatment, directed to improving the general state of health and thereby unfitting the body as a soil to receive and harbour the germ as a seed. On the other hand, they may elect (as in the case of diphtheria) to attack the disease through the inoculation of the blood with some principle or other derived from the culture of the germs themselves. It is in this latter direction that Dr. Behring has been labouring. His aim is to find a product or substance derived from tubercular material such as will exert on the disease a modifying and curative effect.

Dealing with Professor Behring's method of cure, we may first note that he expresses himself in a very decided fashion against the practice of introducing living tubercular material (that is, germs) into the human body under the idea that it might exert a curative action. In other words, previous investigators who may have sought to cure the disease by the use of actual living bacilli have their opinions discounted, and their practice condemned. Behring rather follows the lines of the diphtheria cure, in that from the bacilli of tuberculosis he prepares a vaccine which is essentially similar to that employed, he adds, in the rendering of cattle immune to the attack of the ailment. From the bacilli, or, at least, from the virus or toxic principle of tuberculosis, a substance is prepared and is used as an inoculation, with the result that the living cells of the animal (or man) are affected in the direction of being rendered incapable of attack, or, if already diseased, of being cured. To this substance the name of "T.C." is given. When it gains access to the cells, a new principle is developed in them, distinguished by the letters "T.X." The result obtained Behring attributes to delicate changes, chemical and physical, which his agent sets up in the affected cells. This represents the curative side of the remedy, but it is also said to exercise preventive qualities by rendering the cells incapable of being infected with the tubercular bacilli. Needless to say, if these aims are fully carried out, and if Behring's claims are substantiated by independent research, we shall have arrived at the solution of the problem how to prevent and how to cure our great modern plague.

It will be remembered that long ago Dr. Koch thought he had discovered a cure for tuberculosis in the shape of a substance isolated from tubercular bacilli, and known as "tuberculin." This substance, failing as a cure for the human ailment, is to-day used by veterinary surgeons by way of testing whether or not an animal is affected with the disease. Dr. Behring states that one of his ultimate products, "T.V.," is far more powerful in the way of application than "tuberculin." He says that a gramme (fifteen grains) of his "T.V." product is more than equal in effect to a litre of Koch's substance. It is his "T.C." substance, evidently, on which he relies for the cure of human tuberculosis; this much he infers from his experiments on animals. The whole topic is, of course, highly technical in its nature. If, however, we sum it up, we may see in these experiments, first, the bacilli of the disease; second, their cultivation and manipulation, giving substances of different powers affecting living cells; and third, the application of these substances, one or more of them, to tubercular tissues, by way of killing off the diseased tendency on the one hand, and by way of rendering infection impossible on the other.

ANDREW WILSON.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "FOR THE CROWN," AT THE SCALA.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson has done well to replace "The Conqueror" by a play which has not only pictorial recommendations, but is a strong and moving piece of dramatic art. M. Coppée's "Pour la Couronne" was worth reviving as a genuine tragedy with a splendid idea—that of a young Prince faced with the dilemma of having either to kill his father or to permit him to betray his country to infidel enemies. The hero, Lyceum playgoers will remember, chooses parricide, only to be loaded with his father's crime, and to be crucified on his victim's statue. The play, it must be admitted, contains far too much rhetoric (minimised though it is in Mr. John Davidson's highly poetic adaptation), and it is marred by an excess of rather saccharine sentiment. But it is redeemed by the originality of its themes and the romantic poignancy of its situations. Moreover, it provides Mr. Robertson with a picturesque rôle in which the modulations of his glorious voice make an irresistible appeal. His supporters at the Scala are mostly newcomers. Miss Gertrude Elliott, though sometimes inaudible, proves very plaintive and sincere in the part of the faithful slave-girl, Militza. Mr. Bryant is admirably resonant as Constantine's traitor-father, and Miss Suzanne Sheldon puts more vehemence into the tirades of the temptress Bazilide than did any of her famous predecessors.

## "PUBLIC OPINION," AT WYNDHAM'S.

"Public Opinion" is the sort of play which Mr. Stead would notice unfavourably in the *Review of Reviews*. It is not such pure Carton, if we may be allowed the epithet, as "Wheels Within Wheels," or as "Mr. Hopkinson," but it is quite sufficiently stamped with the hall-mark of "smart set." Its root idea was recently exploited in a novel called "Cynthia's Damages," and the three acts which Mr. Carton has founded on this notion of plaintiff and defendant starting house-keeping on the proceeds of a breach-of-promise case may be briefly described as follows: A lawyer's consulting-room is the scene of Act I., and here we find the Judge who is trying the "breach," his brother—a distinguished physician—and a young lordling engaged to be married, all seeking legal opinion in the view of recovering compromising letters which each one of them has at one time written to the heroine of the case—a music-hall "serio." In the second act these three, plus the defendant's guardian—a retired Anglo-Indian civil servant with a peppery temper—and the lady he wants to marry—who happens to be the defendant's sister—make burglarious entries into the plaintiff's flat in search of the letters. And in Act III., the customary invasion of one person's rooms—this time the Anglo-Indian's—by all the *dramatis personæ* leads to their subjecting their friend's apartments to a most impudent and indecent search, and finally discovering that their incriminating correspondence is in the safe custody of the defendant's sister. But though the story is dexterously spread over these three acts, though the jokes are frequent and often witty, though Miss Compton, Miss Hughes, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Giddens are all permitted to revel in their own mannerisms, the whole entertainment is too mechanical in its business, too stereotyped in its morality, to be really amusing.

## EMPIRE THEATRE.

The Empire Theatre opened on Monday night last, so completely redecorated and rearranged that many who know the house intimately must have had some difficulty in locating themselves. The programme is unlike anything that has been seen at the house for a long time past. A scene from "Madame Sherry" is the first item of importance; the next is a production called "Rogues and Vagabonds," for which Mr. George Grossmith is responsible. The most interesting item that it offered was a series of imitations of popular actors and actresses by Mr. Arthur Playfair and Miss Marie Dainton. If "Rogues and Vagabonds" were likely to retain its present form we should be inclined to vote it dull; but there is no reason to doubt that what is best will be retained, while the rest will be discarded. The last part of the new programme is a little divertissement called the "Bugle Call." This gives certain opportunities to Mlle. Genée, who takes the fullest advantage of them. At the same time, remembering that Mlle. Genée is the greatest living exponent of orthodox ballet-dancing, her more reasonable admirers may regret that she should be devoting her talent to a class of work that cannot help her to maintain the high level she has reached on the more serious side of her profession. "The Bugle Call" is quite a charming little affair, but the hand and brain of Madame Lanner are very much missed in the manipulation of the *corps-de-ballet*. Of the new scheme of decoration that the Empire has adopted, one can but remark that it makes the house one of the most beautiful in London.

## CHINA'S PROGRESS.

The last few weeks have brought us many indications of awakening life in China. We read that the country is to be prepared for representative government after a fashion frankly borrowed from the West; while we know that China is sending her best scholars and most promising students to take advantage of the opportunities to study the progress that has done so much for the sister Empire of Japan. Now we learn that the Viceroy of Szechuan has decided to open the port of Wan-hsien on the Yang-tsze River to foreign trade. This port is to be the terminus of a railway line now in course of construction, and it was to be expected that it would be open to the world's commerce; but this anticipation of demands that would not have been granted in years past without all possible delay, is a hopeful sign of the times, and points to the possibility of China's taking up a position in the near future that will enable her to safeguard her own legitimate interests.

## THE PARTITION OF BENGAL.

When Lord Curzon decided in the last year of his Viceroyalty to partition the great Bengal Province, his decision was taken in very bad part by the Bengalis, and was followed by a determined boycott of British goods. It would appear at first sight that the boycott is almost as foolish as the indignation that caused it, for, according to the latest information, native traders who deal in British wares are the people upon whom the burden of the loss is falling. Traders in Calcutta, Rangoon, Delhi, and other places bought heavily from British merchants as soon as prices suffered a reduction, and now the stocks are left upon their hands and in some cases are even destroyed by fanatics. Dealers in native goods, on the other hand, have derived considerable benefit from the boycott, because it was followed at once by an extraordinary demand for Indian manufactures corresponding as nearly as possible to the forbidden British material. The situation is an interesting one, not altogether free from occasion for anxiety, because natives who wish to buy British-made goods are being intimidated by agitators and there has been a distinct attempt to promote strikes in Calcutta among the rank and file of Government employés. It is not likely, however, that Lord Minto will turn aside from the path that his great predecessor has indicated so clearly. The partition of Bengal is a necessity in the best interests of the natives themselves, whose affairs it is well-nigh impossible to administer effectively under existing conditions. Attempts have been made to spread the area of boycott and strikes as far as Bombay, but at the time of writing these attempts have met with no success. Apart from politics, the mass of the population, even while it may desire to see Bengal's status unaltered, is not prepared to resort to devices which can attain no useful end.

## THE EARTHQUAKE IN CALABRIA.

Only in the past week have the unhappy inhabitants of Calabria enjoyed a complete measure of immunity from earthquake-shock, flood, and landslip. Now that details upon which we may rely are at hand, it would appear that the number of small towns and villages destroyed since the first shock mounts up to close upon three hundred, and the number of people who have been deprived of homes may be put down at one hundred and fifty thousand, without any fear of exaggeration. Official charity amounts to something like £50,000, while subscription-lists opened by newspapers and responded to by the public at large account for a still greater sum. Unfortunately, Calabria is providing yet another example of the evils of indiscriminate charity. It is reported on excellent authority that a great part of the money subscribed is badly administered, that the people who get the largest measure of assistance are by no means the most deserving. To make matters worse, hard-worked peasants who find that there is a chance of getting some money without working for it, are more than delighted with their present experiences, and show no anxiety to make a hasty return to their labours. It must be remembered that the peasant of Calabria is one of the hardest-worked men in Southern Europe, and that his labour is out of all proportion to its fruits.

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AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AND QUEEN  
IN LONDON.

The King, accompanied by the Queen and several members of the royal family, will visit the City on Monday next, in order to lay the foundation-stone of the new Post Office buildings which are to be erected on the old site of Christ's Hospital. His Majesty will be met at Holborn Bars by the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and civic dignitaries of the Corporation of London, while the Postmaster-General, Lord Stanley, will receive the King on his arrival at the site of the new building. Before the foundation-stone is laid, the Bishop of London will conduct a religious service.

The royal visit to the Strand two days later will be marked by an incident of more than passing importance. The Poplar Borough Council wrote to ask his Majesty to receive an address with reference to the unemployed, and King Edward has not only consented to do so, but has commanded that the petition be presented at the ceremony of the opening of Kingsway on Oct. 18. A deputation will be appointed, and the Mayor of Poplar will present the address. It is likely that the petition will take the form of an appeal to the Throne to summon Parliament, in order that the Houses may vote money to provide work for the unemployed. The news of the King's response to the petition has aroused a lively satisfaction in the East End, where the approach of the cold weather emphasises the serious character of the problems that the poor must face.

THE DELCASSÉ  
"DISCLOSURES"  
SENSATION.

The political sensation of last week was provided by the *Matin*, which published details of certain alleged arrangements and conversations in connection with the trouble between France and Germany in Morocco. While we are quite prepared to believe that France and Great Britain were in perfect accord during the anxious and critical time in July last, much that M. Stéphane Lauzanne has given us must be taken with even more than a grain of salt. It is generally accepted that M. Delcassé was sacrificed unwisely and to no end by the Cabinet, and that the attitude of Germany towards France and Morocco was founded upon the idea of breaking, or at least damaging, the good understanding between London and Paris. It is likely that certain statements attributed to M. Delcassé are well-founded; that, while he is notoriously reticent, he may have expressed his sincere conviction that he could see through German policy more readily than his brethren. All this is reasonable enough, but we cannot believe for a moment that France had an assurance from this country that in the event of a Franco-German war Great Britain would seize the Kiel Canal and land 100,000 men in Schleswig-Holstein. This sounds to us remarkably like a cock-and-bull story, the bird being, of course, the Gallic cock and the quadruped John Bull. As the *Cologne Gazette* remarks pertinently enough, those who wish to occupy a German province would need to bring more than 100,000 men to the task of taking it, and doubtless many military men will ask themselves where even that modest number could be found in these islands ready at short notice to enter upon the difficulties and dangers of an invasion of the Continent. We remember reading a book, a novel of the sensational class, in which Great Britain did land 100,000 men in Germany, and proceeded to capture several very important positions. On paper the procedure was perfectly sound, and we read the lively story with some amusement. The talented editor of the *Matin* seems to have read the story too—and to have taken it seriously. It is to be feared that in times of great political disturbance Truth has little chance of making her voice heard above the louder cry of rumour. It was said in London and Paris, when M. Delcassé fell from office, that he went to the fatal Cabinet Meeting with the draft of an Anglo-French offensive and defensive alliance in his pocket. It was doubtless quite a good story, but we should require more than a mere rumour to convince us that it had any foundation in fact. We may hope in the best interests of peace that political secrets do not leak out from high quarters in Paris in the manner that the *Matin's* "revelations" would suggest.

THE LATE  
EDHEM PASHA.

The news that Edhem Pasha is dead will awaken many memories of the Russo-Turkish and Greco-Turkish Campaigns. Edhem had the honour of holding the Plevna lines with the great Osman Ghazi, whom all Turkey delighted to honour; and when the war with Greece broke out eight years ago, he was placed in supreme command of his country's forces. The writer remembers the Marshal's departure to the seat of war, and the gathering of the Turkish forces to fight for their Padishah—men who had no boots to their feet and seldom obtained more than one meal a day, but faced the troubles of the campaign with supreme indifference and were perfectly convinced that Edhem Pasha would lead them to victory. He did not fail them. Larissa, Volo, and Domokos bore witness

to his strategy, and in a few weeks the Powers had to save Greece from the war she provoked. In Crete Marshal Edhem was not a success. As an administrator he could not face the Palace intrigues, and, if the truth were told, it would, perhaps, be found that he made no great effort to do so. He was a man of action, strong, courteous, and humane, and capable of inspiring all who served under him. For the last few years of his life he lived in comparative retirement, and was only in his fifty-fifth year when the end came; but



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
MR. HUGO J. YOUNG, K.C.,  
WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED  
RECORDER OF LINCOLN.



Photo. Russell.  
PRINCESS MELITA, EX-GRAND  
DUCHESS OF HESSE,  
RECENTLY MARRIED TO THE GRAND  
DUKE CYRIL OF RUSSIA.



Photo. Simon.  
MR. TSANG-SIN-HING,  
LEADER OF THE CHINESE BOYCOTT  
OF AMERICAN GOODS.

he had suffered for a long time from wounds received in the Russo-Turkish War.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

By the death of Lord Inverclyde, which took place on Sunday last at Wemyss Castle, the Cunard Company loses its chairman and the British shipping industry one of its most far-seeing chiefs. He did not live long to enjoy his honours, for he came into the title in 1901, on the death of his father, the first Baron, and has passed away in his forty-fifth year.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE LORD INVERCLYDE,  
CHAIRMAN OF THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP COMPANY.

Lord Inverclyde was a partner and director in the firm of Messrs. G. and J. Burns, Limited, a director of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company, and the Clydesdale Bank. He was Commodore of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, and a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The late peer was married in 1886, but leaves no family, and is succeeded in the title by his brother, the Hon. James Cleland Burns.

Earl Fortescue died on Tuesday at his Devonshire seat, Castle Hill, South Molton, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. He commenced his political career in 1840 as



Photo. Russell.  
THE LATE EARL FORTESCUE,  
FORMERLY M.P. FOR PLYMOUTH  
AND MARYLEBONE.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
MR. PIERCE G. MAHONY,  
RECENTLY APPOINTED CORR.  
HERALD.



Photo. Russell.  
THE REV. SIR WILLIAM  
EARLE, Bt.,  
NEW EDITOR OF THE "ROCK."



Photo. Legge.  
THE REV. CANON JAMES  
HENDERSON,  
NEW ARCHDEACON OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

private secretary to Lord Melbourne, and he represented Plymouth and Marylebone in the House of Commons. In 1846 he became Junior Lord of the Treasury, and was made Secretary of the Poor Law Board a little later. In 1861 he succeeded to the Earldom of Fortescue. He was the author of several works on political, economical, and educational subjects. His son, Viscount Ebrington, succeeds to the title.

The Reverend Canon James Henderson has been appointed by Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Newcastle, to succeed the late Archdeacon Hamilton. The new Archdeacon has been described as one of the most scholarly and able clergymen in the great Northern diocese, and he was responsible for much of the work of the Archdeaconry during Dr. Hamilton's illness. Archdeacon Henderson was educated at University College, Durham, where he took his M.A. degree in 1865. He had held a curacy in Newcastle, and was Vicar of Ancroft, in Northumberland, for nearly twenty years. In 1886 he became Rector of Wallsend. He was appointed to

an honorary canonry of St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, in 1890, and became examining chaplain to the Bishop in 1892.

Princess Melita, formerly the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, was married privately a few days ago to the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia at the Russischer Hof in Munich. A Greek priest from Coburg officiated at the ceremony, which was attended by a civil official, the mother of the bride, and the Grand Duke Alexis. The proceedings were as private as it was possible to make them, and the party left Munich immediately after the ceremony.

Mr. Hugo Young, K.C., who has just been appointed to the post of Recorder of Lincoln, is a Lincolnshire man, and was educated at Mount St. Mary's, near Chesterfield, and at Ushaw College, near Durham. He graduated at London University in 1869, was called to the Bar in 1872, and joined the Midland Circuit. The new Recorder "took silk" in 1898, and has written at considerable length upon conventual and monastic institutions. He owns estates in Lincolnshire at Middle Rasen and Kingerby, and is a member of the Reform Club.

We publish a photograph this week of Mr. Tsang-Sin-Hing, the Chinaman who has led the boycott of American goods so effectively that certain of the more oppressive regulations from which Chinamen suffer on landing in the United States are being removed. Hong-Kong has been the centre of the worthy gentleman's activities.

The Rev. Sir William Earle, Bt., B.D., is taking over the editorship of the *Rock*. He proposes to edit this old-established paper on Broad Church lines with Evangelical doctrine unaltered.

GENERAL BOOTH'S  
IMMIGRATION  
SCHEME.

For reasons not clearly set out, General Booth has decided not to pursue his immigration scheme in Australia on the large scale that was originally intended. He has telegraphed to Mr. Deakin, the Federal Premier, to say that he deeply regrets existing difficulties and cannot proceed with an effort likely to involve a conflict. Mr. Deakin telegraphs his surprise at this decision, and declares that no change of Australian opinion has been recorded since he cabled on Sept. 22 to say that the State Governments displayed a general willingness to accept the offer to send immigrants, who were to be approved before their departure for Australia. At that time we were told that the Agents-General in London had been requested to confer with the head of the Salvation Army. As far as we can gather, General Booth's change of attitude is founded upon certain adverse opinions published in the Australian Press. While it is obvious that the task undertaken by the Salvation Army could not be carried to a successful issue without giving some measure of offence to various interested politicians, the cry raised by the section of the Australian Press against the admission of what they are pleased to call the "submerged tenth" may well be disregarded. The Australian Press does not speak with great authority, and its views upon questions of Imperial policy are, to write quite mildly, not remarkable for their breadth. The immigration laws of the Federal Parliament are more than sufficient to protect Australia from undesirables. Indeed, there are many who hold these laws accountable in no small part for many of the least satisfactory aspects of Australian social life.

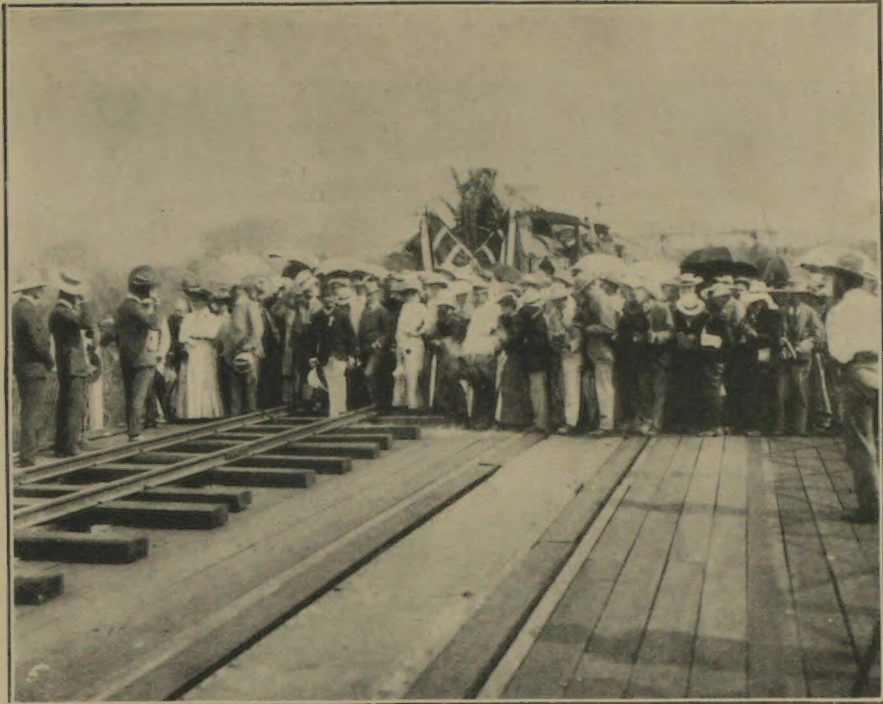
THE DEATH OF A  
VETERAN VOLUNTEER.

Captain Edmond St. John Mildmay has passed away in his ninety-first year. The veteran Secretary of the National Rifle Association was very well known to Volunteers in the old days at Wimbledon, and his military service started more than seventy years ago, for he entered the Austrian Army before Queen Victoria came to the throne, and served in a Hussar regiment until he reached the rank of Captain. During the Austro-Italian campaign in 1859 Captain Mildmay acted as British Commissioner on the Austrian Headquarters Staff, and in the later years of his life he served the late Duke of Cambridge as Equerry. His interest in the Volunteer movement was unbounded, and he followed military matters with close attention.

## RIOTING IN MOSCOW.

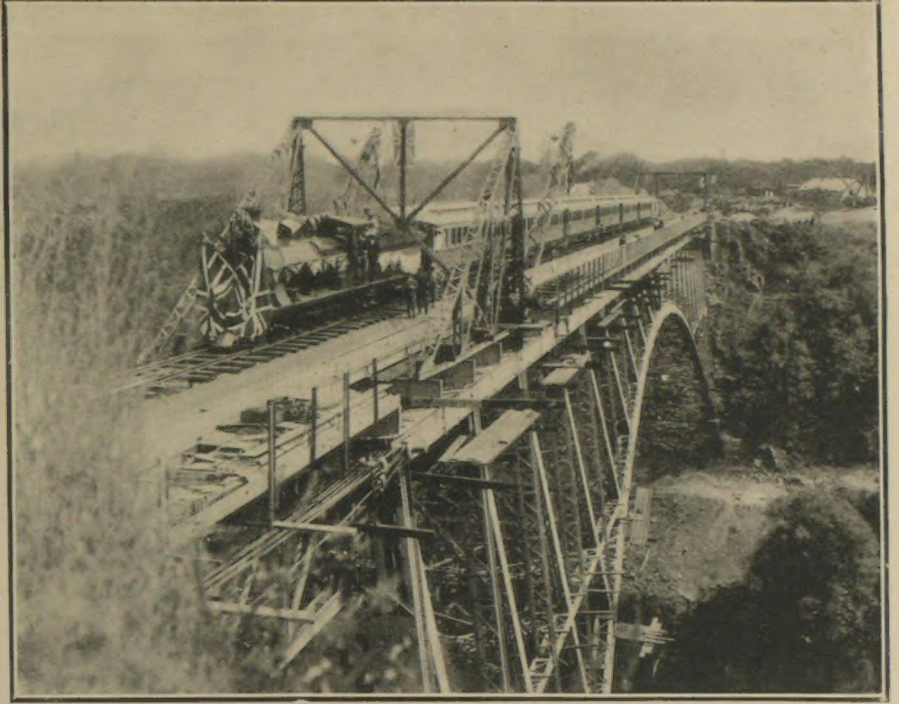
Moscow has been the scene of serious rioting, attended by some loss of life, and the inevitable further development of bitter feeling between the civilians and the authorities. While it seems certain that the Cossacks behaved in the brutal fashion that is so familiar to them, they refrained from firing point-blank at the mob, and this restraint, for which, of course, the authorities were responsible, has done something to lead to the restoration of order. On the other hand, the policy of forbidding all private meetings in Moscow remains in force. Maxim Gorky had arranged recently to read his last work in a private house, and was charging fifty shillings for each ticket of admission, for the benefit of the sufferers from the famine. No fewer than two hundred tickets had been sold when the police authorities declared that the reading must not take place.





THE OPENING OF THE GREAT BRIDGE ACROSS THE ZAMBESI: PROFESSOR DARWIN PERFORMING THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY.

The great Zambesi Bridge, which spans the Victoria Falls on the Cape to Cairo Railway, was formally opened by Professor Darwin on the thirteenth of last month. It is built on the cantilever principle, and was begun simultaneously on both sides of the gorge. When the time came to join the two pieces they were found to fit exactly, thanks to the calculations of Sir Charles Melcalfe, the engineer, and his staff. The structure rises to a height of about 400 feet above the water. Our Photographs were supplied by the British South Africa Company.



THE OPENING OF THE GREAT BRIDGE ACROSS THE ZAMBESI: THE FIRST TRAIN CROSSING THE BRIDGE.



Photo. Park.

THE CENTRE OF A CURIOUS DISPUTE: THE NEW TOWN HALL AT WOOLWICH.

There is something of a squabble as to who should be asked to open the new Town Hall at Woolwich. The Labour Party want Mr. Will Crooks, while the Moderates are in favour of asking a royal personage. Should Mr. Crooks be chosen, the Moderates will request a member of the royal family to unveil the statue to Queen Victoria which is placed in the centre of the entrance hall.



Photo. Clarges.

THE RETURN OF A VESSEL THREE MONTHS OVERDUE: THE "LALLA ROOKH."

On the afternoon of October 6 news was received at Lloyd's from Scilly of the sailing-ship "Lalla Rookh," which had been sighted proceeding up Channel. The vessel, which is the property of Messrs. Lever Brothers, left Brisbane on March 21, and was accordingly three months overdue when she arrived. As much as ninety-three guineas per cent. had been paid for the insurance of her.



Photo. Crawford.

GENERAL LORD GRENFELL UNVEILING BELFAST'S MEMORIAL TO OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND MEN OF THE ROYAL IRISH RIFLES WHO FELL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The memorial is erected in the grounds of the new City Hall, and was unveiled on October 6 by General Lord Grenfell. His Lordship was entertained to luncheon in the Town Hall by the Lord Mayor, Sir Daniel Dixon, Bt.



Photo. Park.

AN ICE-CREAM BARROW CONVERTED INTO A PORTABLE SOUP-TUREEN.

With the fast approach of winter, the association formed at Hammersmith to supply hot soup and bread to all and sundry at a penny a head should meet with considerable success. Ice-cream barrows have been turned into portable soup-tureens, and these will cover a wide district.

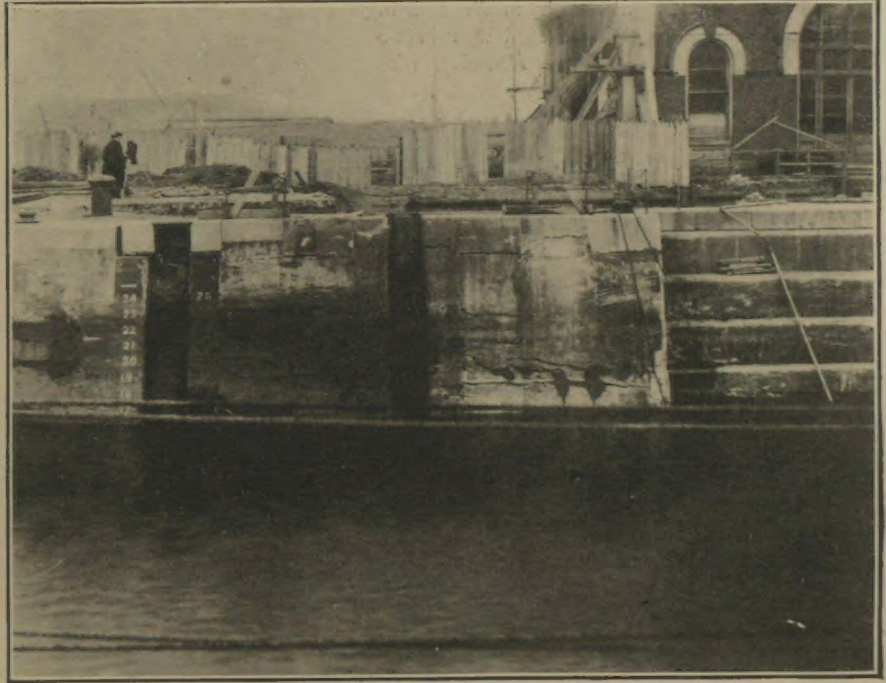


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

THE DISASTER AT THE NEW BELFAST GRAVING DOCK: CRACKS IN THE PIERHEAD.

A disaster which caused considerable damage to the new graving dock at Belfast occurred last week. Water penetrating from the Alexandra Dock forced away a large tract of earth between the dock wall and the engine-house, the former developing great seams and the latter being split from top to bottom.



## THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE "RENOWN."

To transform a battle-ship into a gentleman's yacht is a feat of practical necromancy which might reasonably be supposed to baffle the combined ingenuity of dockyard superintendents, master ship-builders, and decorative designers. Yet this apparently impossible feat has been accomplished. The famous war-ship, H.M.S. *Renown*, has undergone a wonderful "sea change," and now with its beautiful polished decks and its smart white paint with bright green touches on the gunwale, looks exactly like a royal yacht fit for the ruler of a great maritime Power. Britain is still Mistress of the Seas, and Britain's monarch should have a private yacht worthy of his great position.

Much of the interest and charm of this extraordinary transformation is due to the assistance of the well-known specialists, Messrs. Waring and Gillow, who were entrusted by the Admiralty with furnishing and decorating the state rooms for the use of their Royal Highnesses in connection with their forthcoming visit to India. The firm have had throughout their preparations the artistic suggestions of both the Prince and Princess of Wales, whose innate love of simplicity, exquisite taste, and fine judgment in the selection of colours have been of the greatest value, not only because it enabled the decorators to learn the personal wishes of the royal travellers, but also because it lent a specific and distinctive note of refinement to the simple but very artistic schemes.

It will be within the recollection of the public that the *Ophir*, in which the Prince and Princess of Wales

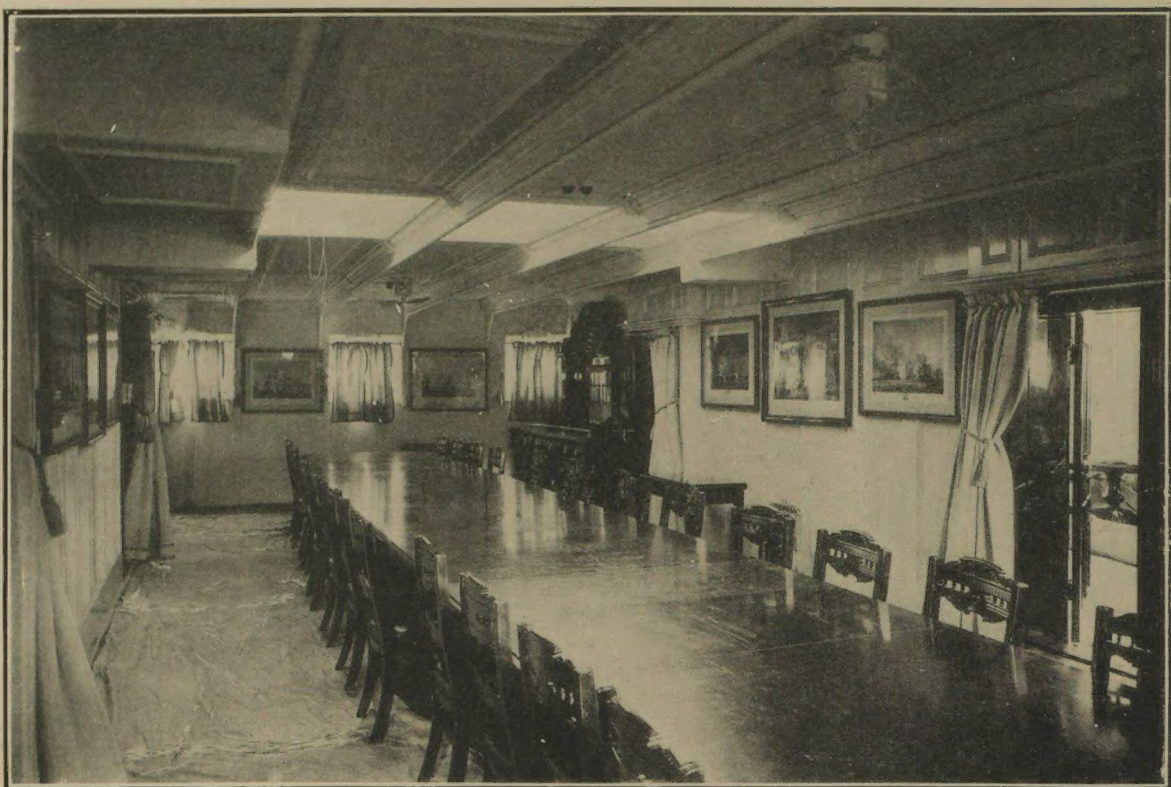


Photo. Cribb, Southsea.

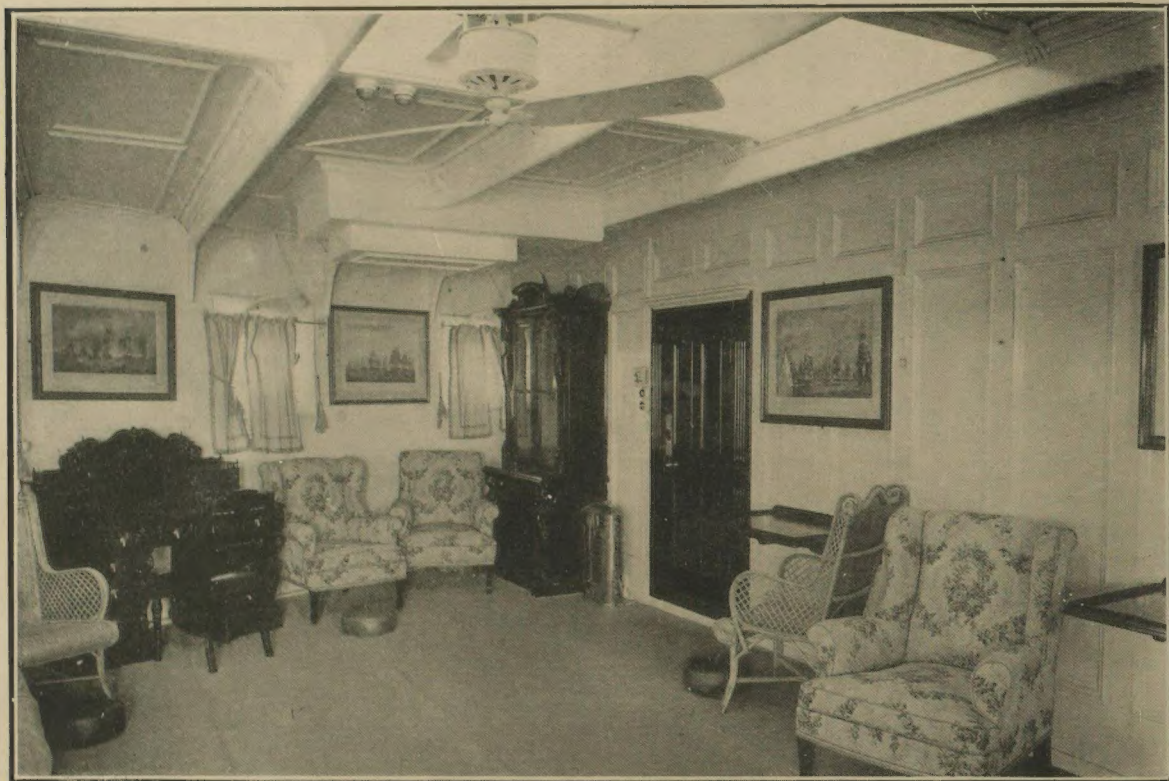
FROM WAR-SHIP TO ROYAL YACHT: THE DINING-SALOON ON THE "RENOWN,"  
DECORATED BY WARINGS.

Photo. Cribb, Southsea.

FROM WAR-SHIP TO ROYAL YACHT: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES'S DRAWING-ROOM  
ON THE "RENOWN," DECORATED BY WARINGS.

made their Colonial tour, was also fitted up and decorated by Waring and Gillow. In the case of that ship conditions were entirely different. The *Ophir* had previously been a passenger-boat in the service of a well-known line, and, although much refitting was required, the transformation effected was in no sense so complete as it was on the *Renown*, which has hitherto been a battle-ship simply; and, as everyone knows, the difference between a liner and a battle-ship, so far as passenger accommodation is concerned, is enormous. The more recent task which Messrs. Waring and Gillow had set them was, therefore, far more difficult. They have accomplished it with a brilliant success, which has elicited not only the approbation of the Press, but also the warm approval of the personages more intimately concerned.

It has not been found necessary to carry out great changes of a structural nature. Special suites of rooms for the use of the Princess have been made on the upper deck; but otherwise little has been altered on board since Sir John Fisher used the *Renown* as his flag ship. Her Royal Highness's apartments open on to the promenade deck. White, with its keynote of cheerfulness, is the principal colour used. The day-saloon, with bed-room and bath-room attached, is upholstered with cream challis patterned with pink rosebuds, and the electric lights have pink shades.

In the fore-cabin, or dining-room, French cream tissue bordered with a wreath lattice of pale blue has been used. The after-cabin, or drawing-room, is furnished in an effective French tissue of pink and blue. The curtains are of the same material as those in the

dining-room, and the electric-lights are enclosed in opaque glass with shades of pink.

The Prince of Wales's bed-room is upholstered with a handsome printed linen, the furniture being of fine mahogany. The fittings throughout are of silver plate, and so are the swing-cots, which are purposely designed and constructed to minimise the motion of the ship. The special feature of these rooms is their extreme refinement and simplicity.

The ornamentation is almost strictly confined to very delicately moulded panelling, which is relieved by some fine old mezzotints from York Cottage.

It is chiefly upon the panelling, draperies, and upholstery that the decorators' artistic efforts have been concentrated, with the result that the state rooms, which in their old guise were typical examples of the heaviness and gloom which generally characterise a ship below deck, have disappeared as if under a magic touch, and lightness, brightness, and elegance have taken their place. The finished beauty of the plated fittings, the judicious harmonies of colour, the practical devices for securing comfort and ministering to the convenience of the royal passengers, and the general note of quiet taste are noteworthy points to be emphasised in connection with the work. One can be sure that their Royal Highnesses will enjoy their temporary home on the sea none the less for the simple artistic surroundings—surroundings which are so largely due to the initiative of their own refined and perfect taste.

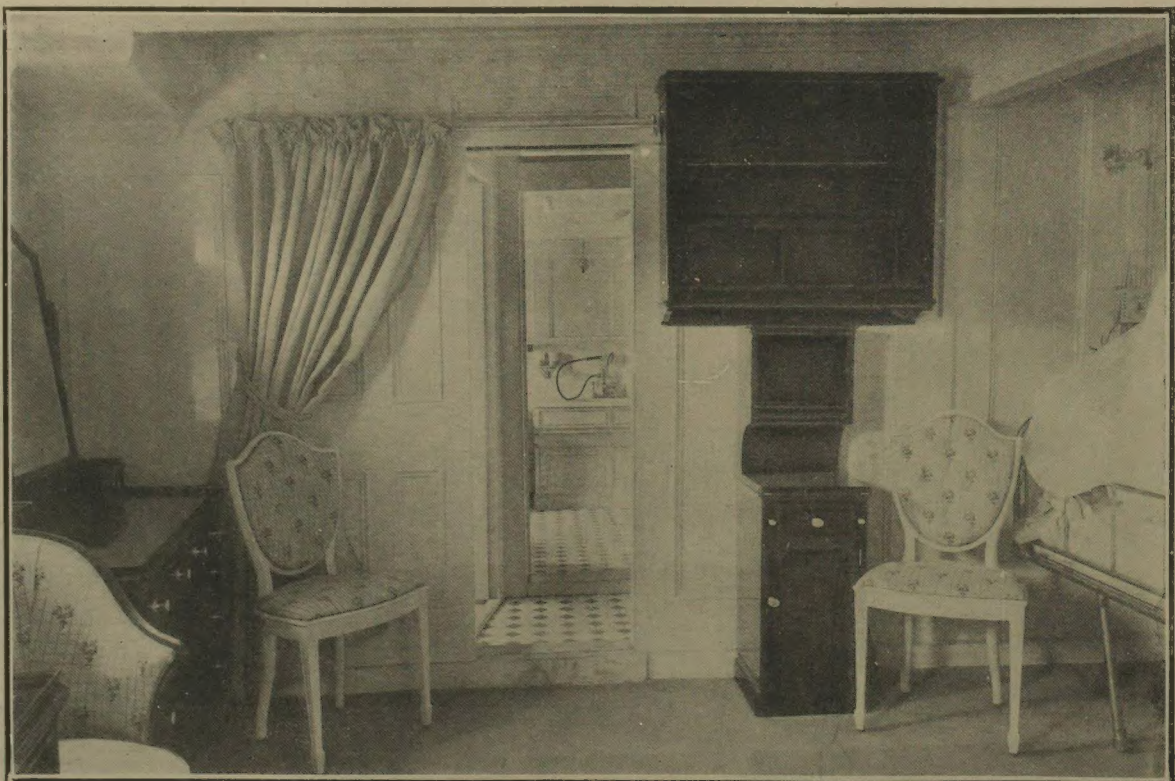


Photo. Cribb, Southsea.

FROM WAR-SHIP TO ROYAL YACHT: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SLEEPING-CABIN AND BATH-ROOM  
ON THE "RENOWN," DECORATED BY WARINGS.



MEN WHO THREATENED BERLIN WITH DARKNESS.

DRAWN BY E. ABBO.



LOCKED-OUT WORKERS IN THE ELECTRICAL FIRMS OF BERLIN HOLDING AN OPEN-AIR MEETING.

Germany has been suffering considerably of late. While her foreign policy has been harshly criticised in Great Britain and France, her military undertakings in South-West Africa have not met with any measure of success, and at home in Berlin there have been strikes of considerable importance. Owing to disputes between men and masters a great lock-out in the electrical industry took place some days ago, and at the time of writing there are 40,000 men out of employment. The organ of the Social Democratic party has conducted a campaign on behalf of the workmen, and last week great anxiety was felt for the safety of the power and light plant upon which Berlin depends.



# SPORTS BEFORE THE "PRISONER OF THE VATICAN."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY "L'ILLUSTRAZIONE ITALIANA."



BOY-ATHLETES PERFORMING PHYSICAL DRILL BEFORE HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.



# THE END OF LABOUR



BY  
ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD

JOHN CURTIS had looked forward to it so often; eagerly, wearily, at last with reluctance and misgiving. He sat in a second-class compartment of the 8.25, holding his secret. Two anæmic girls and four middle-aged City men were in the carriage, and, in one corner, a red-cheeked youth studying a small German grammar. The boy's eyes wandered from his task, as he dreamed, perhaps, of an open gate on the road of life ahead of him—a gate beyond which lay the glorious world of holiday and adventure. Once Curtis had seen, not farther off than in the still distant thirties, this vision of a wide-flung door that framed dancing seas, and painted ships, and forests, and glittering cities. Would this boy's vision, too, fade like the desert mirage? Would he, too, follow it with steps ever growing wearier, until, disillusioned, he longed only for some cool, green resting-place before the night fell? After the long and weary march—after the day's heat and labour—would he too, at last, find his long-sought oasis a place of unrest and of terror, and foothold not to be gained without fierce fighting?

As the guard's whistle blew and the train began to move, a man flung himself into the carriage. He was stout and red-faced, and, his frame heaving, nodded Curtis an apoplectic good-morning.

"Had a run for it to-day," he gasped at last, recovering breath. "Cut it a little too fine. I can't manage to time myself as you do, Mr. Curtis. Never have missed the train, have you?"

"Only three times in the last ten years, I think," said Curtis, with a tinge of pride. "But—" He hesitated. "I shall to-morrow," he blurted out, in- viting question.

"Holidays, eh?"

"Well, yes. My last day to-day."

"Lucky man! I've fifteen years yet at the desk, worse luck. How many have you served?"

"Forty-eight years."

"Forty-eight years! By Jove, you deserve a rest, then. I knew it was a long time; why, I remember your shaking hands with me the day my poor old governor first brought me to the City. And that's a fair time ago; but you seemed quite an old stager to me then. . . . What are you going to take up? Gardening, I suppose? Great thing to have a hobby you can fall back on."

He buried his nose in his paper.

Curtis gave another glance at the lad in the corner, busily improving his mind; and wondered again whether he had forty-eight long years of toil before him, and, at their end, so little to show for all his labour. Renwick

was in a bank, and could look forward to a pension when his time of service was over. He spoke of retire- ment as a holiday; talked about hobbies—gardening, rest, and good fortune—and little realised that the old clerk's daily bread was in question. At the recollection; which was now never far from his thoughts, Curtis opened his paper, and turned first to the money article. He looked at the list of Africans. A long succession of minuses met his eyes. Still a drop! He took out his pencil, and made a rough calculation on the margin of the paper. At one time his careful scrapings, his petty economies and little self-denials, had mounted up to seven hundred pounds. At the height of the boom, incited by a happy speculation on the part of one of his colleagues, and obsessed with terror at the near approach of the time which would leave him without income or occupation, he had ventured most of this tiny fortune. The next day there had been a rapid fall. Since then plus and minus had kept him in a flutter of excitement or depression; but the trend was steadily downwards. "When peace comes, we shall see!" he had reflected. Peace came; the shares went down. "The country will take a little time to recover—three months, say—a wide margin." Three months passed—six—twelve—the shares were nowhere near their purchase price.

These fractions in the day's paper meant another ten pounds gone from his scanty capital. Hard work had made it; self-denied luxuries, curtailed holidays, had saved it. The ten solid sovereigns, representing long, grinding hours in the office and out of it, days spent in the dreary suburb that might have been enjoyed in the green country or by the sea, had trickled through his fingers like sand clenched in the fist. Nothing to show for them—nothing!

White and bent and careworn—the finished article which the town turns out after long years of mould- ing—he sat in his corner of the compartment, looking at the jotted total that now lay between him and poverty. Of course, his son would help him. But the prospect filled him with aversion. That would set the stamp of failure on all his life. He had always been an independent man, and a secretive; George knew nothing of his losses. Through a long life he had prided himself on keeping out of debt, doing well by his family, and being able, at need, to lend a helping hand to others. His principal, husbanded carefully, might keep him for ten years. If he lived longer, he could only live on charity which his son, however willing, could ill-afford.

Curtis looked from the carriage-window over the acres of crowded roofs and streets. Hundreds of times— thousands of times—he had gone to and fro along the shining metals, while London imperceptibly grew older. There was little change in this district so near the city's heart. Red-tiled roofs, rusty-brown roofs, chimney- stacks, narrow roads with dirty children swarming in the gutters, dingy taverns with their clusters of human wrecks around the doors, slatternly women, men idling, men busy about their work—all seemed little altered by the years. On the skyline rose a forest of masts and spars against the smoky clouds. Near at hand, tanneries mingled the odour of leather with the acrid smell of vinegar from a great factory. As a lad, he knew that cobbled old-world yard, the stagnant pond, the drays laden with barrels. He marked a few changes. A red-brick building, already scarred by time and weather, had replaced the warehouse which he had seen, one night, in flames. At that doorway, the stout, jolly form of a butcher was still remembered, waving to the trains; he had long been forgotten by the street where he was once known so well. Some shops had different names and occupants; a music-hall marked the site of a sombre little chapel.

But what struck Curtis most forcibly was the same- ness of the journey. Still the streets were full of teeming life—there was no noticeable change in the appearance of the crowds—and yet, of all he had seen in those old years, not one unchanged face remained. Not one. Most of the men and women—even the little children—who had loitered, and chatted, and quarrelled, and worked, had vanished, as the engine-smoke was now vanishing in the far clouds. Perhaps he had seen some dimpled child-face long ago, that he now saw grey and wrinkled. But under the red and brown roofs, behind the walls, in the rooms which he could see from the line through patched glass and between dingy blinds, two generations had gasped their last sighs; the sound of a little weeping had been carried by the pungent, unclean air; those black-coated tradesmen whose sole object and use seems to be that of human dustmen, to carry away the refuse of their kind—had taken them out to the crowded graveyards, and had been carried out in their turn. This was the end of all childish play, of all human endeavour, of all the gossipings, of all the haggings round those stalls where still the women bartered; of all joy and sorrow and labour; of all lives. Silence—and yet the noisy trampling of the new generation, hastening also by the same paths to its grave. The old, huddled houses, the



squalid poverty, the pitiful, unending struggle—in what ineffable weariness all seemed to ask the Preacher's riddle!

*"What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?"*

*One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth for ever.*

*The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose."*

He tried to school himself to repression of the echo of that question which the heart of man had so often uttered. It seemed a blasphemy against God, without that "conclusion of the whole matter." And yet it was hard not to utter it, as he tramped across the bridge, slushy with the mud of a week of rain, and saw the drab current running between slimy wharves and warehouses where the rats had their unclean homes; and saw the masts in the docks farther down the water-highway, and the aimless wheeling of the gulls and the oily eddies of the tide; and at the vessels near the bridge endless streams of men, like ants, carrying their burdens up and down the planks and gangways.

The river running to the sea that is never full—the stream laboriously toiling up and down to the ship-holds with their cargoes, receiving or sending away the materials for keeping up this round game that is life; the stream pouring City-ward, returning at night, pouring out again and returning day after day, week after week, year after year—always changing, never changing! Everything droned the Preacher's song of vanity:

*"All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it."*

Curtis had read somewhere a story called "Heart of Darkness," a tale of the far outer world, beyond the pale of civilisation, which he only knew from books and boyish dreams. The storyteller, looking at London by night from a vessel making seaward, summoned back the time when no buildings stood, not a stick or stone of this dense capital that challenges the stars at nights with its myriads of twinkling fires; a time when all was morass, forest, mysterious and unsocial; "heart of darkness," like that African heart of which the tale was told. To the City clerk, this grim narrative of a world beyond his ken had had some fascination; but chiefly because of its opening passages with their reminder of what London had been before the first men drove their piles into its swamps and made their flimsy homes. This caught his imagination, hung in his memory like a picture. Sometimes at evening, crossing the bridge, he had imagined all the looming buildings blotted out, vanished like the fabric of a dream; the winds sweeping over desolation; the great beasts of vanished ages wandering, uncouth and terrible, where the many feet of men now tread; the roar of creatures unknown and unimagined, filling the place where London roars and is never silent.

But here was the true terror, here the great heart of darkness; not in the solitude, not in the mystery of lands where no human foot has stood; but in this pitiless wheel of life, revolving, revolving—with no end? He shook off the thought; tried to steel himself against it. Yet somehow, the tenets of the narrow sect in which he had been brought up seemed for the first time inadequate; they gave no answer to the riddle. He had worked, long and faithfully; morning after morning at his post, in hard weather or good; through freezing winters, in the heat of the sun; making money for others, and glad that his prayer for daily bread was daily answered. Now the end had come. This day was the last link in the long and monotonous chain of years. He was too old for work; like the horse, like the ass, he was to be thrown away as useless. Worse than they, for release was still denied him; he had to live on, but in poverty and dependence.

Curtis woke from his unhappy musing at the office door, and, pulling himself together—as if to shake off both his thoughts and the weariness of the tramp across the bridge—he entered and signed the book.

Two or three clerks were already in their places, preparing for the day's work. Others entered, one by one, two by two, "like animals entering the ark," said an impertinent junior, at the cost of a flipped ear. They chatted about trifles; seemed cheerful, satisfied—save for grumbling, which meant nothing—with the monotonous round; blind, as yet, to its almost inevitable ending. And yet the kindest fate, for many of them, would be to die in harness.

As the hands of the clock drew round to the hour, men entered in a swarm, and clustered round the attendance book. Curtis was hailed with good mornings as they went to their desks. "Last time you sign, isn't it, Mr. Curtis?" asked one or two. "Wish I could say the same." There was perhaps a shade of consolation in their envy, even set on so flimsy a foundation.

He opened his ledger and set to work, ciphering great sums, handling cheques many of which meant more than a long year's income—some, an amount that would save him all his remaining life from starvation or charity. It was a rich firm; he had seen it grow from small beginnings, had watched its growth with pride, and talked about "my firm" to his wife and near friends as if its increasing wealth reflected glory on himself—as, in a way, it did. But they were not generous to their staff. He had crawled up, himself, to two hundred a year in his long spell of service, and was looked upon as a comparatively affluent man by many who had to support families and maintain appearances on two pounds a week or less.

"Old Curtis is a sticker, isn't he?" he heard one lad whisper, and heard it with some pride. "Blowed if I'd work on my last day." He kept his nose at the book, his pen busy, until the Exchange clock struck one, the time at which, for years vaguely numbered, he had gone out for luncheon and fresh air. The waitress at his table had served him for at least a decade. She was the successor to generations of girls who had entered the place young and rosy, spent their few years there, got married, or—what *had* happened to them? Already this girl, not handsome, was beginning to dread the coming day when she would have to go and make room for younger blood. Curtis had no chaff for her that morning. Going, he told her that it was his last day in

the corner-seat, and, in a rush of fellow-feeling, slipped half-a-crown under the edge of the plate; a parting gift not warranted by his means, but amply repaid by the "Oh, Mr. Curtis!" uttered with eyes suspiciously dim. . . . He knew that it was the quarter of her weekly wage.

Then, in late afternoon, came the time for clearing his desk out to make room for his successor. Innumerable relics of old years had accumulated in the pigeon-holes and drawers. He sorted them out carefully; this must be kept, that rejected and cast aside. What memories the desk held! What silent yet eloquent witnesses to old and—yes—and happy days! Here was a photograph, dim and yellow and faded; a group of clerks taken on the leads one hot summer afternoon. He was a slim youth, not yet in the twenties then. Those were the days of high ambitions, the days when, after work, he rushed away to classes at one of the great London institutes for young men, and pored over French exercises, and manuals of phonography and book-keeping and commercial correspondence. It was long before his marriage; his thoughts went back to the home which had so long been broken up. Some of the men and lads whose faces looked at him from the crude and faded print had sought their fortunes in far lands; some in the land beyond this world's widest sea. Two or three were still in the office, though it would have been hard to find the owners of those faces which time had blotted out and the forgotten sunshine still held captive. He glanced round; no one would recognise in old Sansom, bald now as an egg, rotund as a tub, that eager-faced, bushy-headed youth; no one would know that under Graydon's white beard and shaggy-browed, spectacled eyes, time had masked the features of the boy blinking there in the old sunlight.

And here, in a far corner of the desk, was a programme of a dance—long ago, long ago. There was the very music printed down that had once reached his ears and been forgotten; there were the pencilled names, almost obliterated, but with one name running through more than its share—a name that told the history of half his life, and of a memory that would last until life's ending. He put this aside with the photograph, to be retained; and, above it, a tiny scrap of paper with a note in writing—ah, so familiar, though the hand that penned it would never write again. "*Dearest Jack*" . . . He read it again and again, and then, not reading, looked at it with swimming eyes. It was just a scribbled message, making some appointment for one forgotten afternoon. He was to be at Victoria after business, and then, after her shopping, she would meet him, and they could have tea together and a night's enjoyment. "Don't you think we deserve another outing? I do. Don't let that nasty office keep you late to-night, and we'll have such a jolly time." No doubt they had! No doubt they had!

The crumpled paper, drawn out by his extended finger-tips from the back of a pigeon-hole, set in motion a long spool of pictures; he sat dreaming for a while and watched them, as if a cinematograph of past life clicked out its scenes before his eyes. A winter's evening and a book read by lamplight, with blinds drawn and a cheerful fire, and the kettle humming on the hearth. . . . A summer walk by the river-bank or in one of the London parks. . . . A day in the yearly holiday, his children—the boy who now had children of his own, the little girl who had been taken—building their sand-castles, and racing up gleefully with pails brimming from the great deep. . . . The morning good-bye, which made his heart light for the working day. . . . The welcome home, the quick and cheerful sympathy that halved his cares, and anxieties, and weariness. Here had been his nest, his sheltered nook where his own life could be lived, and he be a machine no longer. . . .

What memories! Oh, what memories!

And now—the end of all had come. The end of labour, the end, he thought, of such ease and happiness as had been left him when time had at last assuaged the stabbing wound of life's great sorrow. Thinking of the past, he did murmur a prayer of gratitude. And yet—and yet—After all the labour, after all the battling with the years, after all—

He came to himself with a start. "Mr. Curtis!"

"Yes, Sir. Yes, I'm afraid—I'm afraid I was day-dreaming. I'm just clearing out my desk before going, but if there's anything I—"

"Mr. Brockett would like to see you in the partners' room before you go, Mr. Curtis."

The head of his department delivered his message and disappeared.

Curtis glanced round him, brushing his hair back instinctively with his hand. The office was almost empty. How long had he been dreaming? Had the clock struck? But of course they would never go without shaking hands and bidding him good-bye. The youngsters might, perhaps, intent on their cricket or their sweethearts; but not his old colleagues, the men who had been with him year after year. And yet people have such short memories. Perhaps, in the gladness of finding the long day over, they might have hurried out, only to remember him when it was too late to say good-bye. When Tyler went to Canada there was a great send-off—toasts drunk and rounds of "For he's a jolly good fellow" at the "City Arms" across the way. But Curtis was a teetotaler, and he had an uneasy thought that he was not very popular on that account. But his old colleagues—

All this time he was slipping off his alpaca office-coat, and replacing it with one more respectable. He went nervously towards the partners' room. No doubt, Mr. Brockett was going to shake hands and say good-bye after all his years of service.

It was a large room—an enormous room—with one or two portraits on the walls, a few maps, a round table. To his astonishment, the room was packed from door to door. And, at his entrance, rose a storm of hand-clapping and cheering. He stood bewildered, nervous, overcome. They were all here—old and young. The two partners sat together at the

table. And there was something on the table covered over with green baize.

As the frail, trembling, white-faced old man stood hesitating in the doorway the clapping grew louder. The two partners rose. "Will you take this chair, Mr. Curtis?" said Mr. Brockett genially. That official air of severity had vanished. Curtis, guessing a little what was to come, sat apologetically on the edge of the chair.

"Shut the door, please, Mr. Lane." It was closed with some difficulty. "Well, gentlemen," said the senior partner, after preliminary hums and haws, "I've been requested to undertake a very pleasant duty, and yet a duty—hem, hem—not unmixed with feelings of—hem—regret. I've no doubt Mr. Curtis has already guessed why we are here. It's—how many years, Mr. Curtis?"

"Forty-eight, Sir," said the junior partner.

"Yes, forty-eight years since you first entered the service of the firm. You've grown up with it, so to speak. He's—hem—yes, grown up with the firm."

Was the governor really nervous? He was humming, clearing his throat, repeating himself; not in the least like the awe-inspiring personage who had made so many of those present tremble in their shoes. For a painful minute he came to a complete full stop. Then, as if laborious machinery had been at work, manufacturing an intricate joke, he went on, "And now the time's come when we'll—hem—have to consider him the late Mr. Curtis as far as—I mean to say, never late before—not for a good many years, at least—and now—"

Fortunately, someone detected the drift of all this, and laughed; others echoed the compliment, though one junior clapped his hand over his mouth only just in time to repress a dismal groan. Encouraged, the senior partner went on to hope that Mr. Curtis would not be really "late" for a good many years to come. He stammered out some adulatory remarks about his clerk's services; said that it was a great pleasure to him to say good-bye—and corrected himself—and then called on Mr. Lane, the head of Curtis's department, to make a speech. This was neat, clear, and to the point. It ended by asking Mr. Curtis to accept a signed address and a silver coffee-pot, which they all hoped would see many years' service.

A volley of cheers, and cries of "Curtis! Mr. Curtis!" greeted the end of his remarks. Curtis got to his feet. His eyes were too misty to see the glittering silver, though he bent down to read the inscription; he could not read the names on the scroll, though he put on his spectacles to gain time, and rubbed them on the corner of his handkerchief. He made attempt after attempt to speak; and each time friendly clapping covered his confusion. "Gentlemen—Mr. Brockett and gentlemen"—he stammered out at last—"I don't know what to say. I—I can't thank you. I do, though, from the bottom of my heart. And for all—for all the kindness you've shown me, all of you, these many years. I've tried to do my duty by the firm, but—but—many shortcomings—thank you, gentlemen—I don't know what to say."

And then, when the cheering had subsided, Mr. Brockett made the best speech of the occasion. It was jerky, halting, stammering, but very much to the point. Curtis had had his present from the staff; now came the partners' turn. Mr. Curtis had been with the firm since its commencement, and, in short, they had decided to give him—unusual, but exceptional circumstances—pension—fifty pounds—

Curtis made out so much from the abrupt, spasmodic speech. His eyes were brimming over now; they voiced his thanks. Mr. Brockett and the junior partner shook hands with him; then the others clustered round. For a moment he struggled with temptation. Would they think his rigid temperance views cloaked meanness or ingratitude? A happy thought occurred to him. "Will you come across and have some tea or coffee and cigars?"

A dozen or so trooped across with him to the smoke-room of a neighbouring tea-shop, taking it by storm. There were clerks of many ages, and sizes, and politics, and creeds. Jones, a rabid Tory with whom he had had many a heated argument, sat on his left; Hubback, a bigoted imbibor, on his right. McGlashin, opposite, toyed with his snuff-box, and Curtis took a pinch, though it was a habit he detested. He missed three trains before all the congratulations and good wishes were over.

O good fellows all! O kindly hearts! His own beat very warmly towards them, old comrades who had fought life's battle shoulder to shoulder in his regiment, bearing, with stout and cheerful hearts, the trials, the monotones, the pettinesses which are no more easily to be endured than the hardships of the tented field. Slowly, but merrily for all that, Curtis tramped across the bridge. Over the river a smoky sunset, purple and dusky gold, seemed to hold memories of glad pageants, of kings' progresses, and light music flowing from the stream into the streets where so much of the world's work goes on.

Outside the station, Curtis purchased a new pipe for his son and a great bag of sweets for his grandchildren to discover in his bulging tail. He stood on the platform, with his umbrella, his scroll, his coffee-pot, his packet of relics from the desk—hands and arms alike full, trouser-knees sagging, silk hat a little ruffled. It was "the City" personified, waiting for its evening train.

He had time, before the rush of passengers filled his carriage, to pull stealthily aside the green baize cover and glance again at the inscription, known by heart, yet scarcely realised. Then, as the train carried him towards his future, he gazed with dim blue eyes at the passing, lamp-lit streets. Once more he saw the open gate of boyhood. Beyond it lay a quiet garden, with mellow evening sunshine and soft green shadows falling on the grass.

And through the garden lay the way homeward to the threshold where dear and unforgetten faces would smile their welcome at the end of labour.

THE END.



"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," AT THE GARRICK.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S PRODUCTION OF SHAKSPEARE'S COMEDY.



# THE BRITISH NAVY'S FIRST OFFICIAL CALL ON JAPAN SINCE THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



Itchen. Exe. Ettrick. Bonaventure. Astræa. Hogue. Diadem. Sutlej. Andromeda. Erne. Arun.

## THE BRITISH CHINA SQUADRON, WHICH ARRIVED AT KOBE ON FRIDAY OF LAST WEEK.

*The officers and men of the British China Squadron met with a reception as enthusiastic as it was picturesque on their arrival at Kobe on an official visit to their country's allies, and it was not long before Japanese and British bluejackets were walking arm-in-arm. The opening festivities included a garden-party given by the Municipality to the officers of the British Squadron, and also one given to some two thousand non-commissioned officers and men at the Nanko Temple. Four hundred sailors were taken to Kioto as guests of the authorities, and another six hundred to Osaka. Yesterday (Friday) Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, the Staff, and the Captains of the Fleet were to be presented to the Emperor of Japan by Sir Claude MacDonald, and a luncheon was to be given by the Emperor. Other functions are a banquet given by the Minister of Marine, a garden-party given at the Shiba Palace by Prince Arisugawa, a Japanese banquet at which Admiral Ito will be the host, an official dinner given by the Premier, and a banquet given by Sir Claude and Lady MacDonald.*



AN ACTUAL SCENE IN MERSEA CREEK: DRIVING PORPOISES.

DRAWN BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS.



STRANDED PORPOISES HARNESSSED TO BOATS AND MADE TO TOW THEM UP AND DOWN MERSEA CREEK.

OUR ARTIST WRITES: "Some while ago, about seventy porpoises were stranded in the Creek which runs round Mersea Island, Essex, and great sport was afforded to some daring and ingenious fishermen, who harnessed the unfortunate 'sea-hogs' to their boats by means of ropes tied round their tails, and made them pull the craft up and down the stream. The rope was passed through the ring-bolt in the bow, and eased off or pulled in as the creatures dived or rose to breathe. Unfortunately, unanimity did not always exist between the boat and its unwilling 'horse,' with the result that there were many mirth-provoking incidents, and one or two narrow escapes from an impromptu bath."



## LEAVES FROM THE AUTUMN BOOK-LISTS.

## NOTES BY OUR REVIEWERS.

IT is not always a good thing for an author to know that an eager public sits waiting for the next book, and to perceive precisely the wiles by which it is beguiled. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, whose inimitable touch and humour have given her an enormous circulation in America and here, has arrived at a very nice estimate of the amount of mental expenditure her readers require her to put into her charming stories, and in "Rose of the River" (Constable) she seems to have weighed it with an accuracy too fine to be quite generous. The little romance is very dainty, very prettily dressed, adorned with shrewd and witty passages; but it is much too slight to be decked out in the dignity of a full-blown novel. It could have been easily compressed into a four-part story, and though we would not willingly lose a page of Mrs. Wiggin's work at its best, we believe judicious cutting would have enhanced its value here. Quality necessarily suffers by dilution, and the loves of Rose and Stephen, excellent minor material in themselves, are not strong enough to bear the infusion of Old Kennebec and the Crambry family, who in their turn could have been better appreciated in a stouter volume. Again, the concluding scene at the cottage, when the repentant Rose is found preparing breakfast for two by way of expressing her contrition to the lover she has slighted, is a graceful incident, but is surely too trifling to be the goal of a couple of hundred pages.

In "Everyday Life among the Head-Hunters" (Longmans) Mrs. Cator gives us some very interesting and often amusing glimpses of the wild tribes of British North Borneo, and the scarcely less wild peoples of the West Coast of Africa. The fact that she is the first Englishwoman to visit the regions she describes is quite enough to entitle her book to notice. She warns us in a brief preface that she has no idea how a book ought to be written, and the opening chapter certainly betrays the novice. For the rest we have nothing but cordial praise. Mrs. Cator combines subtlety of observation and wide interests with a breadth of view and humour; the latter a quality which stands her in excellent stead. She unconsciously reveals herself as a woman of conspicuous courage, for some of her adventures in Borneo must have tested her nerves pretty thoroughly. She tells us much about the tribes of Borneo, the seamy sides of whose lives, as well as the more pleasing, her husband's work as a magistrate was instrumental in revealing; and, apart from their head-hunting propensities, which Mrs. Cator's indulgence is almost inclined to condone as the one blot on a character otherwise deserving of admiration, they appear to be really a fine race. The greater portion of this amusing and informing book is devoted to Borneo, and has the greater interest because that country is little known; but the later chapters on West African life are not less entertaining. Many of the illustrations from photographs are exceedingly good.

One of the staple uses of history is to supply material for novelists; and if we are to judge by a recent vogue, the fresher your history is the better. Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, who is a young writer of considerable skill and audacity to match, seems to have hurried from a breakfast-table perusal of the Baltic Fleet's misadventure on the Dogger Bank to his writing-desk, hot with inspiration. We may suppose that "A Maker of History" (Ward, Lock) was on the stocks before the midnight meeting of Tsar and Emperor last summer; and that therefore its central incident may be looked upon as an intelligent anticipation of events—history not merely newly-hatched, but in the egg, so to speak. These pseudo-historical romances want doing well, particularly when living characters are handled; and Mr. Oppenheim's method is excellent, and its outcome an enthralling novel which can be relied upon to hold the person who opens it to his chair until he reaches its final chapter. French detectives and German police-spies abound, and comport themselves with the elaborate ceremonial of secrecy by which they are known in novels, and which, in real life, we fancy, would scarcely be considered to qualify them for their calling. The "mystery" begins, as mysteries should, on the very first page, when the presence of an irresponsible young Englishman at an imperial meeting of profound political importance induces a whirl of intrigue and international adventure. We should be sorry to believe in the Harrow-bred youth who did not know the meaning of "prenez garde"; but this and some other improbabilities are trifling blemishes in a highly entertaining story.

It was the "white fire" of missionary zeal that consumed Kenneth Blair, Scotch minister and whilom herdsman, until he answered the call to work in the Dark Islands, where his first experiences ended in a narrow escape from death. This did not daunt him; he returned home to gather strength for fresh enterprise, and found himself the hero of the hour, a position his knowledge of his own momentary cowardice when a brother missionary was butchered at his side forced him to repudiate at a public meeting. The enthusiasm he aroused even inspired the chairman, a Cabinet Minister—presumably an Anglican—to intimate that the Government would be pleased to nominate Mr. Blair to the first bishopric of the islands "without reference to any question of form or creed." This remarkable proposal was met by "thunders of applause"; from which we may conclude that the audience was as blissfully ignorant of the procedure of the Church of England as Mr. Oxenham, the

author of "White Fire" (Hodder and Stoughton). Kenneth Blair, however, did not entertain the suggestion, but he sailed away again presently to the South Pacific, with an heiress for a wife and a missionary schooner armed to the teeth—this also with the acquiescence of the accommodating Cabinet Minister—to repel "blackbirders" by a show of muscular Christianity. We will not recount his adventures further, because anybody who cares for a breezy story will certainly prefer to discover them for himself: it is enough to say that they were many and varied, and that cannibals and ruffianly traders figured largely in them.

"Ursula Raven" (Harpers) may be recommended to the people who, as the winter draws on, prefer the fireside armchair and a well-written novel to more vigorous amusement. Here is a good, substantial fill of fiction, no kickshaws, no meretricious garnishment, but a straightforward story with honest North Country seasoning. It might be shorter; but its length is, we take it, mainly a proof of the writer's anxiety to do her work well and truly. She has a plot to unravel and numerous characters to manage; and she feels that it is her duty to give them plenty of table-room. Miss Wilson-Wilson evidently has the lucid judgment of the Westmorland folk of whom she writes; her people are clear-cut, her atmosphere is effective, and there are no wild improbabilities; though there are a wicked lord and a fearless maiden, whose conjunction may be taken, as a rule, to mean startling developments. The obvious fault, setting the length aside, is that there are too many characters. They are firmly handled, and they are not allowed to straggle away into vague disorder; but at the same time we believe "Ursula Raven" would have been a stronger book if its author had suppressed several of the side-issues she has worked out to their legitimate conclusion. We are not quarrelling with the two pairs of lovers—a moderate allowance; but with the minor people whom this clever lady has delineated so conscientiously.

Mr. Bart Kennedy walked and travelled through Ireland recently on behalf of a daily paper, to which he contributed his impressions in a form and language that he must have considered suitable to his audience. He has now republished these articles in book form under the title of "The Green Sphinx" (Methuen), and our own reflection on reading them in bulk is that their author appears to have a sadly low estimate of the British newspaper reader's powers of discrimination. "The Green Sphinx" is superficial, hasty, frothy stuff, without substance or thoughtful deliberation in it; a book from which observers who have the problems of the Irish people at heart may well turn away in discouragement. The writing, too, is full of journalistic trickery,—a few happy hits, but, for the most part, spasmodic and over-emphatic. Englishmen will not be brought to clearer understanding of the neighbour people by the perfunctory utterances of a scampering observer who, having airily announced that "the police are the Cossacks of Ireland," proceeds on this basis to such premises as: "The Royal Irish Constabulary would be of little use in real fighting. The Irish Cossack . . . would never be able to hold his own with a well-set-up man of average size." What in the world have these reflections to do with an attempt to epitomise the salient point of the Irish question for English enlightenment; or, if this were not, after all, the object of the volume, why should they find place in a literary traveller's record? They are a fair example of Mr. Kennedy's method.

There is no sweeter, more compelling figure in English literature than that of Marjory Fleming, the "maide," the "bonnie wee, croodlin' doo," of Sir Walter Scott; and it is a comforting sign that a second edition of Mr. (or Miss or Mrs.) Macbean's little book, "The Story of Pet Marjorie," which appeared last year, has been called for, and is now supplied by Messrs. Simpkin Marshall. The opportunity has been taken to add to it, by grace of Messrs. A. and C. Black, Dr. John Brown's pamphlet, "Marjory Fleming." No lover of "Maidie" must ever forget the debt he owes to the author of "Rab and His Friends," for he copied her journals (the originals are now lost), faithfully, including erasures and corrections, and Isa Keith's sometimes scathing comments, thus—

Fie!  
Tomson's him.

So the book is now a really complete record of the darling child. She was no lover of meticulous accuracy—"the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure"—and her variations in spelling seem actually to give fresh point and distinction to all she wrote. Miss Keith corrected away as in duty bound, but she was very gentle with the Pet and never "whipped" her; probably she enjoyed that wild wandering orthography as much as we do now. Something of "Maidie's" disdain for accuracy has been caught by this book—for instance, it is "Marjory Fleming" on the title-page, but "Marjorie Fleming" on the page headings throughout. She herself spells it "Marjory," in signing a letter to her mother, and Miss Keith finds nothing to correct in that form. Besides, there are various passages given both by L. Macbean and Dr. John Brown which will not bear the test of collation. But what does anything matter, provided that the true spirit and heart of "Maidie" are reflected in the book? And that is certainly the case.

## "IMPROVEMENTS IN THE STRAND."

IN days when the hand of the builder lies so heavily upon the Metropolis that men of middle age find parts of London wherein they walked as children have assumed an unfamiliar aspect, many will turn with interest to the "Gentleman's Magazine Library." This is a classified collection of the chief contents of the *Gentleman's Magazine* between the years 1731-1868. The work, which fills twenty-nine volumes, has taken Mr. Laurence Gomme more than twenty years to compile, and congratulations are due to the editor for the manner in which he has performed his task, and to Mr. Elliot Stock, who presents the volumes in attractive form.

Glancing through the sections devoted to English topography, we find much that, while it was of undoubted interest when written some century ago, is of a still greater interest to-day. While the eighteenth century had still some years to run, and most of the forces that make for modern progress were still unknown, there were earnest folk who found evidences of iconoclasm in the years they lived in, and were deeply distressed by the city's tendencies to destroy and rebuild. Now, if any one of the writers could but revisit his well-beloved London, he would not recognise the city, and it is interesting to put together stray fragments of these old-time comments in an endeavour to see something of the London that existed in and before the era of the commentators.

Writers in the *Gentleman's Magazine* quote certain authorities on London in connection with what they are pleased to call "improvements in the Strand." Next week will see a thoroughfare that promises to be the finest in the Metropolis opened by the King, and we may well pause to consider what the Strand must have looked like between Charing Cross and Kingsway in days of old. Between Temple Bar and Charing there were three bridges beneath which water passed across the Strand on its way from the meadows on the north to the Thames. Strand Bridge Lane stood opposite the end of Newcastle Street, and in 1802, while some new sewers were being laid down a little to the east of St. Clement's Church, another of the bridges was discovered, luried in the soil. It was of stone, and consisted of one arch about eleven feet long. Mr. J. Saunders, in an article on the Strand in the second volume of "Knight's London," says that this bridge was "very antique in its appearance and of the most durable construction." Needless, perhaps, to say that the three-bridged Strand had ceased to exist very many years before the *Gentleman's Magazine* was born. The Strand Bridge, together with the Bishop of Chester's Inn, and the Bishop of Worcester's Inn, were made level ground more than three centuries ago. Of Ivy Bridge we know little, although the name may be seen in some early maps of London apparently applied to an old landing-place by the water-side. Ivy Bridge probably crossed the Strand in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and the water entered into the Thames at a landing place described by Strype as being "very bad and scarce fit for use, by reason of the unpassableness of the way."

Kingsway, in its modern aspect, would surely please the citizens of London who lived when Henry VIII. was King, for one of the Statutes of his reign speaks unkindly of the Aldwych end. It declares that—

The way leading without Temple Bar westward into Clement's Inn Gardens, New Inn Gardens, and Drury Place, the bridge called Strand Bridge, and the way leading from the Strand Bridge towards Temple Bar, the lane called Foscoe Lane, from the garden and tenement of the Bishop of Litchfield, and the gardens and tenements called the Bell and Proctors, down to the Strand Bridge, are very foul and full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noysome and necessary to be kept clean, for the avoidance of corrupt savours and occasions of pestilence.

In those days it seems that the Strand was not a continued street, and buildings were few and scattered.

We read of Somerset House in the volume quoted above that "it is now only remembered by name. The once existing building has given place to a still prouder structure." The writer goes on to remark that—

there are many who recollect the venerable aspect of the court-way from the Strand, as well as the dark and winding steps which led down to the garden, for years suffered to run to decay, and where the ancient and lofty trees spread a melancholy aspect over the neglected boundary by no means unpleasing to the visitor, who in a few minutes could turn from noise and tumult to silence and repose.

This last opinion was expressed in 1798. What would the author think of the noise and tumult of his day if he could see and hear the traffic passing Somerset House in this year of grace?

A contributor, writing to the *Magazine* in 1853, informs the editor that Covent Garden Market opened about the year 1656, with a few temporary sheds established during the daytime along the garden-wall of old Bedford House, which formed the whole south side of the square in which the Market has since been permanently established. In 1679 the Market was rated to the poor for the first time. There were twenty-three salesmen, severally rated at 2s. and 1s.

In 1832 an enthusiast writes to point out the credit due "to the present age" for providing a large and commodious building in order to afford adequate and suitable accommodation for the meetings of the various religious, charitable, and scientific institutions of the Metropolis. He goes on to remark that this building, called Exeter Hall, contains one of the largest and most magnificent rooms in Europe.

We have dipped but lightly into the treasure-house that Mr. Gomme has reconstructed; it holds an almost inexhaustible store of wealth for the leisured reader.



## "HEAP BIG MEDICINE," AND PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA IN ROUMANIA.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOPKOEK FROM SKETCHES BY ROCK CARNEGIE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROUMANIA.



A GYPSY CURE FOR BEAR-BITE: A STRANGE SCENE ON A ROUMANIAN FARM.

Our Artist sends us, under the title of "Heap Big Medicine," a sketch and description of a curious scene he witnessed a few days ago. Threshing was going on at a farm, and several families of gypsies, who were travelling with performing bears, were engaged to help in the work. One of their children, approaching too close to one of the tethered animals, was bitten, and brought to the place where his parents were working by his bigger companions. Then arose a great outcry, and the child's parents insisted on the performance of their native rites. The mother stripped herself almost nude, and standing in the centre of a circle formed by the members of her party, accompanied them in the singing of a gypsy song. Gradually working themselves into a pitch of frenzy, they then began yelling and stamping like maniacs, while the father of the child turned head-over-heels round the ring until he fell exhausted. After twenty rounds of this the child was taken to the hospital.



ROUMANIA'S EFFORTS TO PREVENT THE BRINGING OF CHOLERA INTO HER TERRITORY: A FRONTIER GUARD OF RIFLEMEN TURNING BACK TRAVELLERS SEEKING TO CROSS THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER BY WAY OF THE PRUTH.

The reports of cholera in certain parts of Russia have aroused the fears of the Roumanian authorities, who have taken elaborate precautions to prevent the scourge entering their country. Frontier guards and riflemen have been stationed all along the frontier, and it is their duty to see that travellers from Russia enter Roumania only by way of the one or two stations where they can be subjected to a strict medical examination and to five days' medical supervision.



## THE "PANDORA'S" BOX" CASE: TRISTAN DA CUNHA AND ITS INHABITANTS.



A LITTLE GIRL MILKING A COW SHE ROPED HERSELF.

volcanic peak 7680 feet high. On the north-west there is a plateau some three miles long by half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and the whole of this is excellent pasturage—from a casual inspection, many centuries' washings from the heights. The remainder of the island, up to about four thousand feet, is covered with dense brush, which is all the islanders have for fuel. In the neighbourhood of the settlement there is little of this brush left, and the men have to climb two or three thousand feet to get it.

"Tristan da Cunha was discovered in 1506 by the Portuguese navigator to whom it owes its name. In 1790 American whalers made it their headquarters while in the neighbouring waters, leaving some of their crew to collect seals, which were plentiful at that date, but have since been practically exterminated. One of these men, one Lambert, declared himself proprietor of the island by a curious edict published on Feb. 14, 1811, but did not live long to enjoy his possession, as he was drowned a couple of years afterwards, and the island was abandoned.

"It was thought that Napoleon's partisans might make use of it as a base, to attempt their leader's escape from St. Helena, so the British Government took possession, and landed a party of seamen and marines from H.M.S. *Falmouth*, who were afterwards relieved by a mixed company



TYPICAL ISLANDERS (SHOWING A MORTARLESS STONE HOUSE).

THE charge brought against Mr. Thomas Caradoc Kerry, the explorer, of having thrown overboard or sold gifts entrusted to him for delivery to the natives of Tristan da Cunha, has again brought that desolate place into prominence.

Among the vessels which have visited the island of recent years is H.M.S. *Odin*, and we are enabled to publish photographs taken during this visit by Lieutenant M. P. Traill Smith. In a letter describing his experiences Lieutenant Smith says: "On arrival (at Tristan da Cunha) we anchored, keeping steam ready at a moment's notice during our stay, as the place has a very bad reputation.

"Perhaps a small account of the island and its inhabitants may be interesting here. It is about seven miles each way, and is surrounded on all sides but the north, where the settlement is, and a part of the south, by cliffs ranging from two to three thousand feet high, terminating in a



A BULLOCK-CART WITH SOLID WHEELS IN TRISTAN DA CUNHA.

go up mountains like they do; going up and down the steep cliffs they make one's hair curl!

"Their shoes and socks are home-made; but the rest of their garments are those of ordinary civilisation. Their socks are made of pure wool by the women, are far superior for wear to anything one buys in England, and can only be equalled by the Scotch home-made. The shoes are made of a single piece of hide, and are said to be very comfortable. Their houses are built of large blocks of a soft kind of stone, beautifully fitted together without any mortar, are thatched with native grass, and have furniture made chiefly of driftwood. The interiors are beautifully clean. Their language is, of course, English, but spoken very slowly, like a Devonshire drawl. We called and inspected the guano deposits on Inaccessible and Nightingale Islands, and took samples. If these are as good as the Cape guano, it is quite possible a trade will spring up."

of artillery and infantry from the Cape. These constructed some fortifications, and commenced the building of a settlement now called Edinburgh. Traces of the old forts are still in evidence, though all the guns have been removed. On the death of Napoleon, the troops were withdrawn, but a Corporal Glass and several other men and their wives elected to remain, and these, together with some women from St. Helena and the Cape, some shipwrecked sailors and some whalers, formed the nucleus of the present population.

"The men and women are, for the most part, very light-coloured mulattoes, though there are some white families. A healthier place than this could not be found: no epidemical diseases have ever reached the people, and even their children are not subject to childish complaints.

"They are governed by no written laws, and hold themselves responsible to no one, but there has always been a nominal chief, generally the oldest man, whose word is unquestioned. They own about six or seven hundred sheep, several pigs and donkeys, and a fair number of geese and fowls. They also grow potatoes; and they trade with passing ships for money or kind—clothes, canvas, paint, flour, and so on. They are practically uneducated, only a few being able to read or write, but, contrary to expectation, they are intelligent, and have deteriorated neither morally nor physically by intermarriage. I wish I could



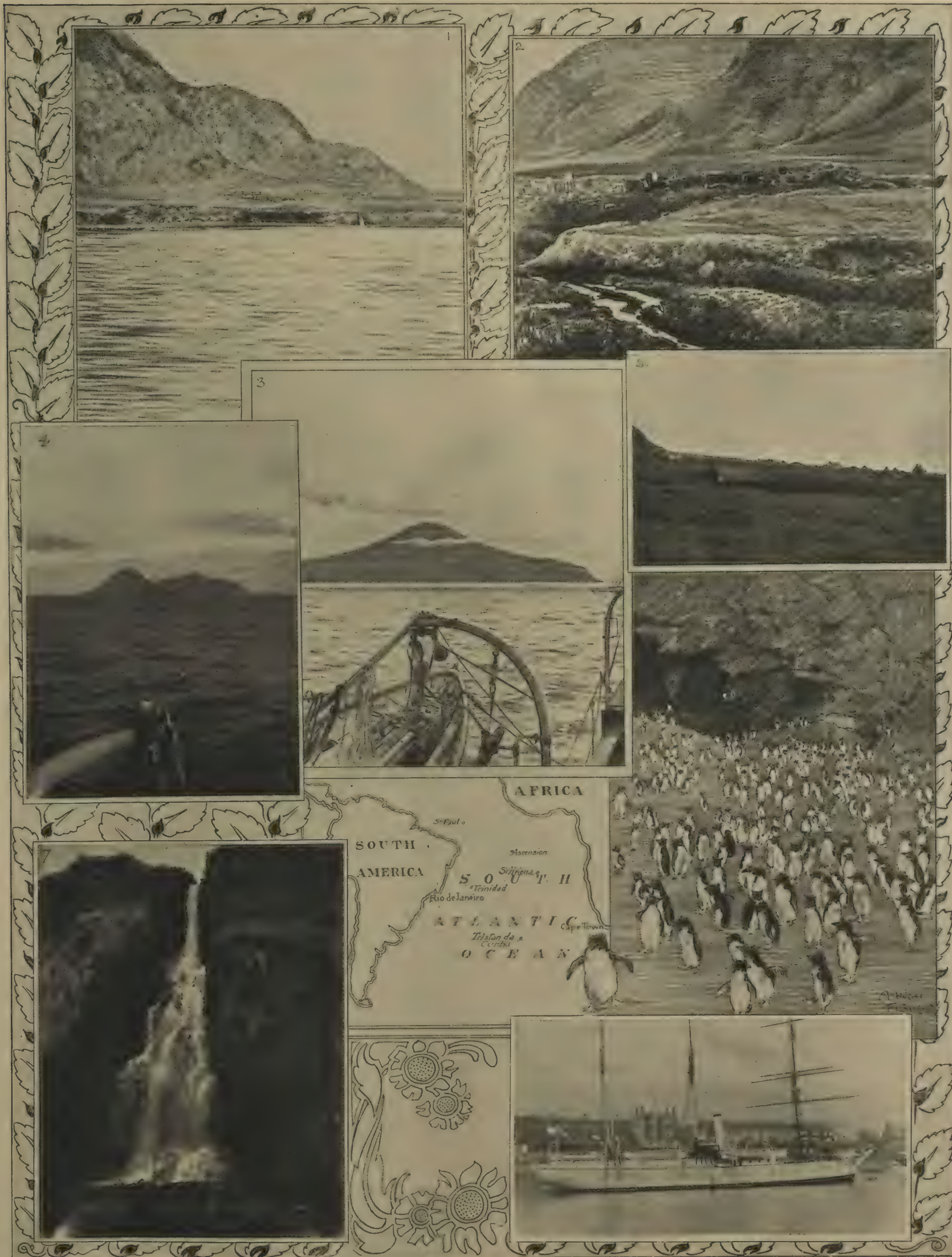
ENGLAND AND YOUTHFUL TRISTAN DA CUNHA.



AMUSING THE CHILDREN.



THE “‘PANDORA’S’ BOX” CASE: TRISTAN DA CUNHA, ITS INHABITANTS,  
AND MR. KERRY’S VESSEL.



## I. THE SETTLEMENT FROM THE SEA.

## 2. THE CEMETERY.

3. TRISTAN DA CUNHA, AS SEEN FROM A VESSEL FIVE MILES OFF.

#### 4. NIGHTINGALE ISLAND, THE CHIEF PLACE FOR GUANO.

## 5. THE VILLAGE.

## 6. THE PENGUIN ROOKERY, NIGHTINGALE ISLAND.

## 7. THE WATERFALL.

8. MR. KERRY'S SHIP,  
THE "PANDORA."

*Photographs by Lieutenant M. P. Traill Smith; Border by A. Hugh Fisher. (See Facing Page.)*



CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED?—PRISON CELL PREFERABLE TO SERVANT'S BED-ROOM,  
AND OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS.



A SERVANT'S ROOM COMPARED WITH A CONVICT'S CELL. A FRENCH DOMESTIC'S SLEEPING-CHAMBER; BADLY LIT AND BADLY VENTILATED.



A SERVANT'S ROOM COMPARED WITH A CONVICT'S CELL: A CELL IN THE PRISON AT FRESNES, WELL LIT AND AIRY.

WITH the laudable intention of pointing out how many French rooms, and, indeed, rooms in other countries, tend, by ill-ventilation and ill-lighting, to breed consumption, or to increase its malignity where it is already present, the authorities responsible for the International Congress on Tuberculosis inaugurated a series of exhibits in an annexe of the Grand Palace of the Champs Elysées. No better object-lesson than these "sample" rooms could have been offered to the scientists interested in the treatment of what has long been looked upon as an almost hopeless disease.



THE IDEAL SANATORIUM: A ROOM IN A MODEL HOSPITAL, CONSTRUCTED BY M. ANDRÉ MESUREUR ACCORDING TO THE IDEAS OF M. TAPRET, DIRECTOR AT THE LARIBOISIÈRE HOSPITAL.

THE exhibits in connection with the Congress on Tuberculosis were calculated to give the impression that, for purposes of health, the prison cells of Fresnes are much to be preferred to many rooms allotted to the servants of middle-class families. They also emphasised the superiority of the light, airy, simply-furnished bed-rooms arranged by the Touring Club of France over the heavily draped room, with its air obstructing bed-curtains, and its small windows. The servant's room illustrated on this page is actually in existence in a beautiful house in the Avenue des Champs Elysées.



HYGIENIC VERSUS UNHYGIENIC HOTEL BED-ROOMS: AN ILL-LIT AND ILL-VENTILATED ROOM.



HYGIENIC VERSUS UNHYGIENIC HOTEL BED-ROOMS: THE WELL-LIT, WELL-VENTILATED BED-ROOM ARRANGED BY THE TOURING CLUB OF FRANCE.



CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED?—THE MAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE FOUND THE WAY.

DRAWN BY G. C. WILMSHURST.



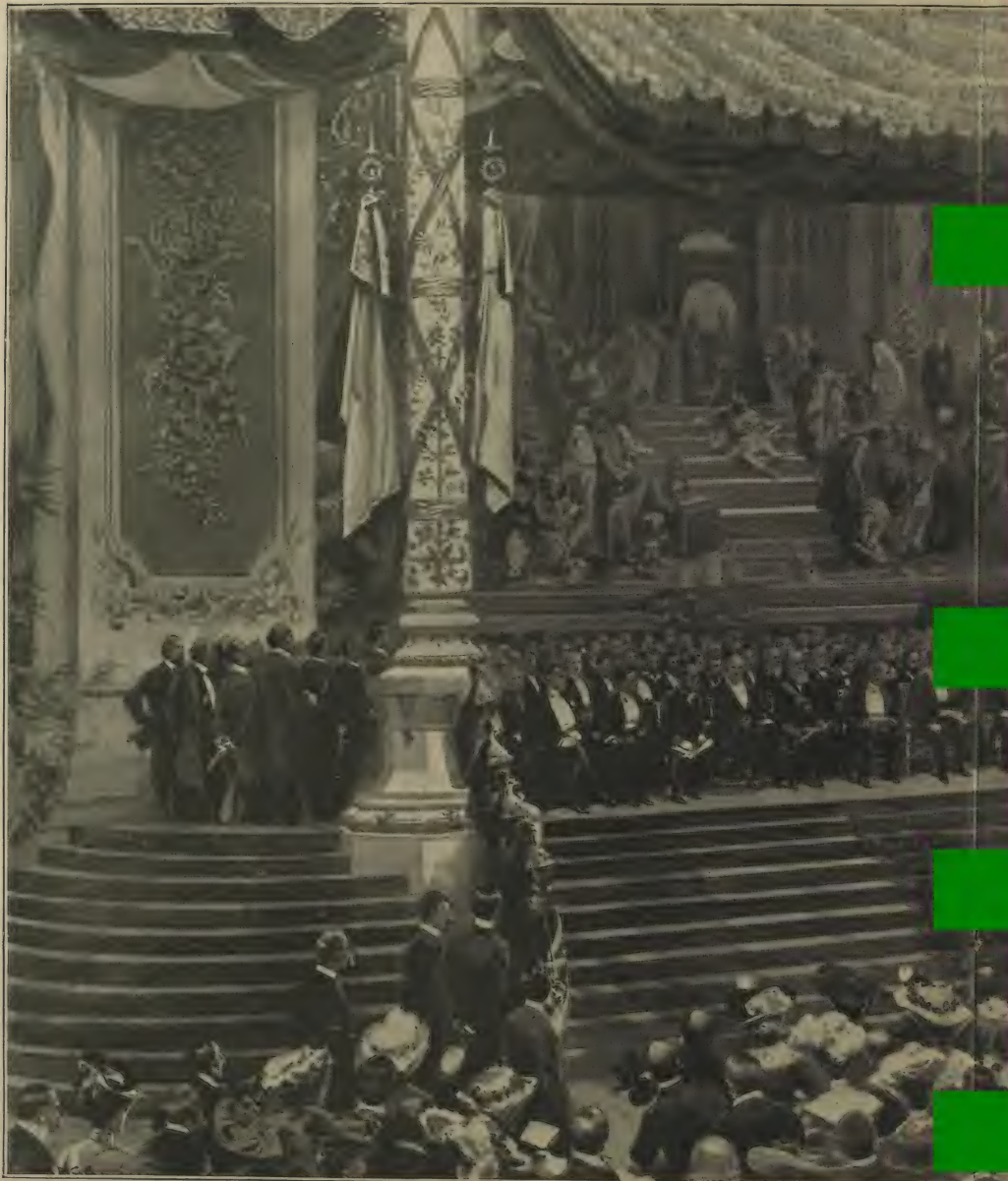
PROFESSOR EMIL BEHRING, THE GERMAN SCIENTIST WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE DISCOVERED A CURE FOR TUBERCULOSIS.

*At the final sitting of the International Congress on Tuberculosis at Paris on Saturday last, Professor Behring gave certain details of the curative treatment he claims to have found for consumption. Professor Behring, who was born in West Prussia on March 15, 1854, has held various positions on the medical staff of the German Army, became Professor and Director of the Hygienic Institute at Marburg in 1901, and four years ago divided the Nobel Prize with Dr. Roux. Two years later he became an Acting Privy Councillor, with the title of Excellency. He is the discoverer of the anti-diphtheritic serum. Should his claim that he is able to cure the dread disease be substantiated, he will earn not only the gratitude of the whole world, but the income of the Prix Lacaze, £960, and the £400,000 set apart by a Brazilian millionaire for the conqueror of consumption.*



CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED?—THE GATHERING BEFORE

DRAWN BY S. BEGO FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



PRESIDENT LOUBET PRESIDING OVER THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON TUBERCULOSIS U

*The International Congress on Tuberculosis opened on October 2, and was attended by President Loubet. On the first day Dr. Hérard opened the Congress, and gave certain details of the method by which he claims to cure consumption. A special article*











































































